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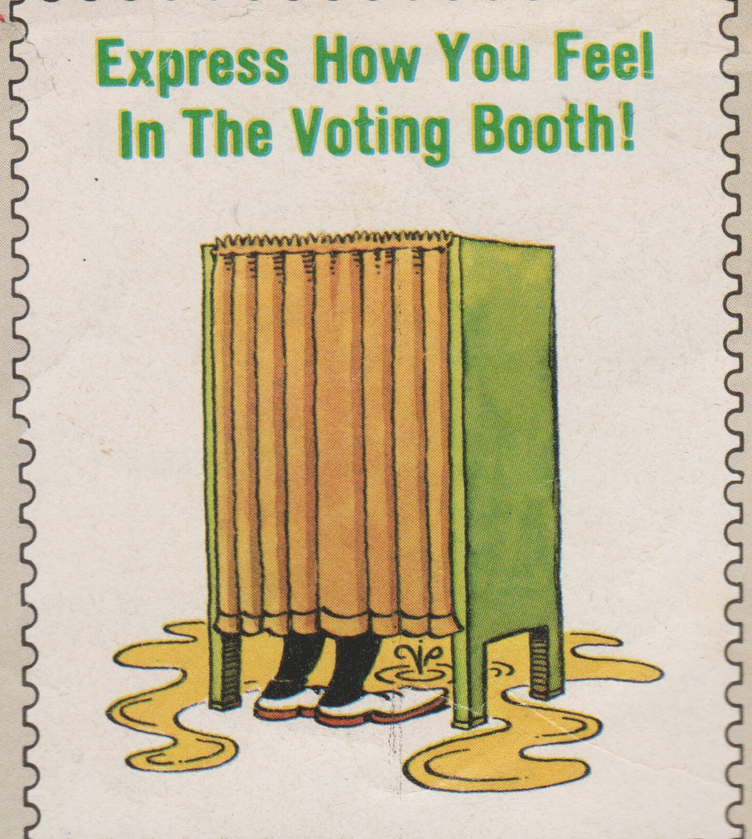
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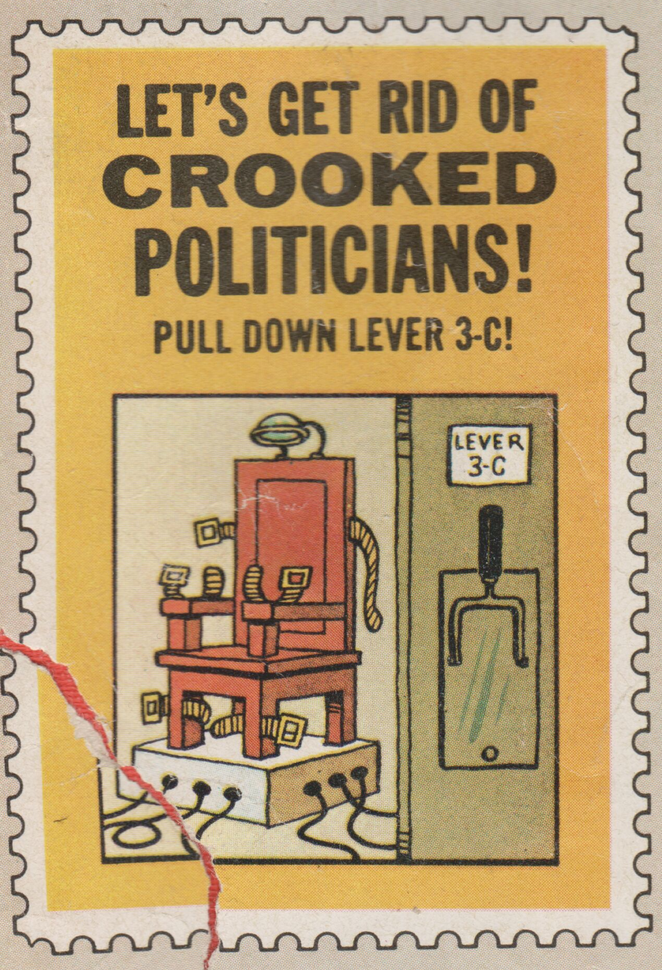






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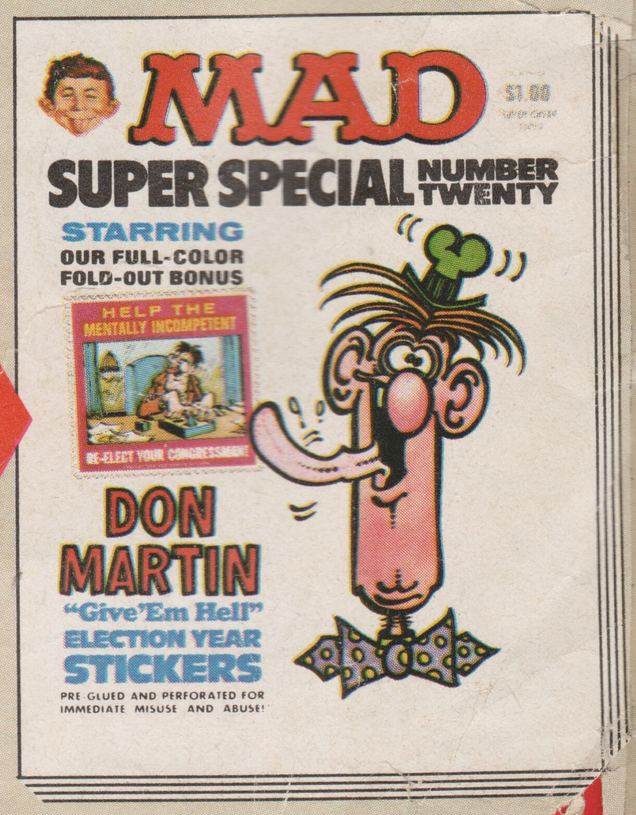
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NUMBER 186 OCTOBER 1976

MAD

"Neither a borrower, nor a lender be...and the whole country would be out of business!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JANET SERPICO, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

A FLAG ON THE PLOY DEPARTMENT
Infractions We'd Like To See Called In Everyday Life 40
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Noise 18
CLICHE IT AGAIN, SAM! DEPARTMENT
Has Anybody Ever Really Heard...? 32
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
Don Martin Presents The Story Of Moses 14
One Day At Mt. Rushmore 48
HEIR POLLUTION DEPARTMENT
MAD's "Do-It-Yourself" Howard Hughes Will 17
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 23
LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones ..... **
MOORE OF THE SAME DEPARTMENT
"Phoolish" (A MAD TV Satire) 43
RAPPING THE WRAPPING DEPARTMENT
MAD's "Packager" Of The Year 27
SMELLY FEATS DEPARTMENT
The Neuman Book Of World Records 11
SPOCK 'N ROLL DEPARTMENT
"Keep On Trekin'" (The MAD "Star Trek" Musical) 4
THE ERA OF OUR WAYS DEPARTMENT
Changing Attitudes Of The American Family 34
VERSE OF THE PEOPLE DEPARTMENT
MAD's Election Year Mother Goose 24
**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—Oct. 1976, Volume 1, No. 186. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: in U.S.A., 20 issues $10.00. Outside U.S.A., 20 issues $12.50. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1976 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.

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COVER IV: PHOTOGRAPHY: IRVING SCHILD—WRITER: AL JAFFEE

VITAL FEATURES

KEEP ON TREKIN' (A MAD MUSICAL) Pg. 4





THE NEUMAN BOOK OF RECORDS Pg. 11

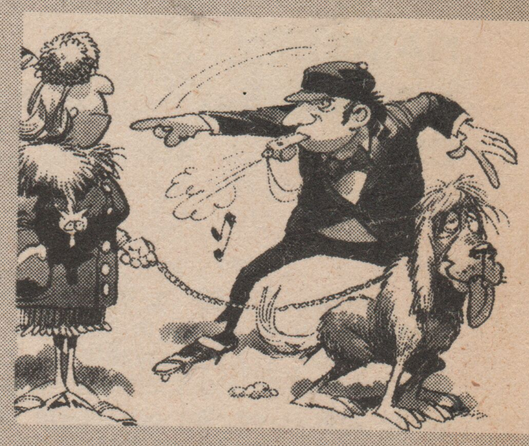
MAD'S PACKAGER OF THE YEAR Pg. 27





CHANGING ATTITUDES OF THE FAMILY Pg. 34

INFRACTIONS WE'D LIKE TO SEE CALLED Pg. 40





"PHOOLISH" (A MAD TV SHOW SATIRE) Pg. 43

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Yessiree . . . none of these full color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing, or wrapping fish—left our stock room after our last ad. Maybe we'll do better with this one! Send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.



ONE CUCKOO FLEW OVER THE REST

I'm grateful MAD decided to seek asylum. "Cuckoo's Nest" was a magnificent choice of a movie, as Jack Nicholson's deserved Oscar award indicates. I saw it here in Copenhagen, and while at school in Zurich. May I say that Mort Drucker organized the inmates even better than McGoofy did.

Merete Stensig
Copenhagen, Denmark

Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo really committed themselves this time.

Sabina D. Romine
Grants Pass, Ore.

Drucker and De Bartolo feathered that "Cuckoo's Nest"!

Tom Bayone
Cedartown, Ga.

MARTIN AT THE WARSAW DIKE

My husband, being Polish, thoroughly enjoyed Don Martin's "Late One Afternoon At The Warsaw Dike." Oddly enough, he didn't see anything wrong when he first looked at it. I, on the other hand, am Bohemian, so I noticed right away that the water was on the wrong side of the dike.

Vicki Kluska
Burlington, Iowa

"Late One Afternoon At The Warsaw Dike" proves that Don Martin is the best. It also proves that he's met my husband!

Edith Kowalski
Toronto, Ont.
Canada

In "Warsaw Dike", Don Martin's little guy comes up for air and says "Kopf Gahuff Puff Kapf". I wonder if you guys realize what *that* means in Polish!?

Sara Jane Rowe
Arkadelphia, Ark.

By his senseless use of the word "Warsaw," Mr. Martin has transformed a harmless cartoon into an inherently demeaning ethnic joke.

Earl Divoky
Arcola, Texas

Poland is nowhere near the sea! Don Martin is playing with a stacked dike!

Caren Croland
Glen Rock, N.J.

I fail to find anything funny about it!

Irving Stanislavotowsky
Porterville, Calif.

LAWSUITS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

Whereas the plaintiffs consist of the browsers of fine magazine stands who have had to endure a trashy magazine that costs 50c and calls itself "cheap" even though a daily newspaper can be used to swat flies at a fraction of the cost. Now, therefore, the plaintiffs accuse said magazine of newsstand pollution and demand that the writers be sentenced to holding their fingers in holes on the wrong side of the dike that holds back the residue from the National Long-Distance Spitting Contest for a period of at least ten years or any intervening dry spell.

John Stettler
Lawrence, Kan.

MAD'S "NICE" GRAFFITI

"MAD's 'Nice' Graffiti," by Clarke and Siegel, was . . . er . . . a welcome change.

Chris Marcheschi
Muskego, Wis.

THE CREATURE FROM THE MARGINALS

I'm one who delves into the Marginals, before reading the rest of the magazine. When I finish them, it's like emerging from a very special little world!

Germaine Chomette
Los Angeles, Calif.

DISASTER MAGAZINE

The only "Disaster Magazine" I know is MAD!

Matthew Meyer
Fair Haven, N.J.

"Disaster Magazine" is as funny as a rubber fire escape!

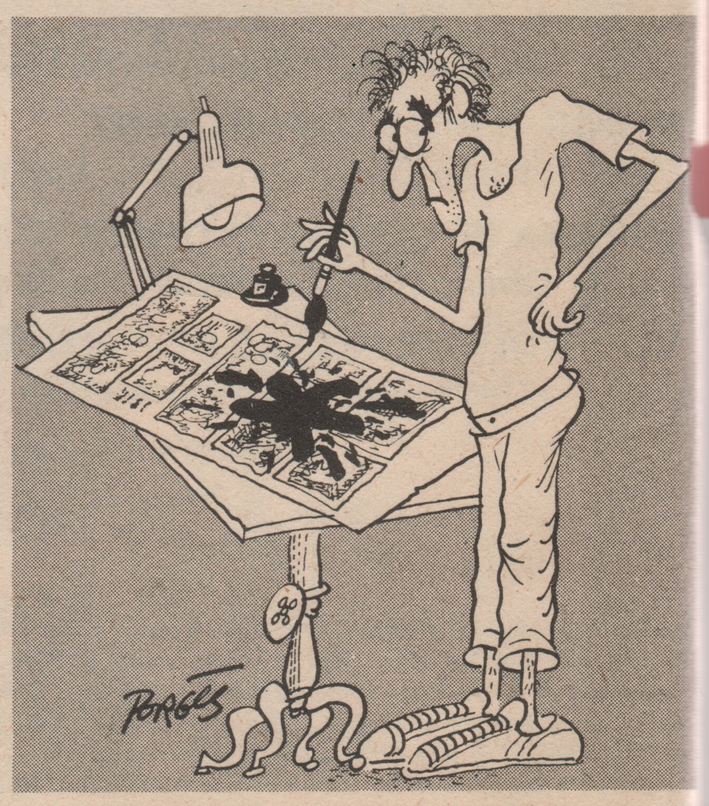
Dominick Piturro
Bronx, N.Y.

...as funny as an usher in the Black Hole of Calcutta!

Dennis Burke
Norristown, Pa.

Paul Peter Porges and Jack Davis are MAD's excellent Grin Reapers!

Cole Steiness
Marina Del Rey, Calif.



Paul Peter Porges's Idea of a Real Disaster!

BIG CITY PARKING PROBLEMS

This letter is to congratulate Al Jaffee on "MAD Solutions To Big City Parking Problems." With the possible exception of the helicopter bit, these are the most practical problem solvers since your idea of parking empty dump trucks, side by side, throughout the city during a snowstorm. The snow stops, the trucks drive away, clean streets the result. Seriously, Jaffee's parking gimmicks sound as though they might work.

Arthur Berman
Rego Park, N.Y.

On Jaffee's Ferris Wheel Concept, how do the cars get turned around in their parking space? You show the car headed in and then on the exit it is headed out. Also, the Lazy Susan Facility shows cars nosed in to park but nosed out to exit. It's MADdening!

Royden G. Anderson
Palmer, Mich.

Al Jaffee can't back out of that one!—Ed.

Thanks to Al Jaffee's "Parking Problems," I solved my own. The only trouble is keeping the car from sliding off my roof.

Mark Berg
San Antonio, Texas

ALFRED TREE-PLANTING COVER

I've always been intrigued by the work of Bob Jones, ever since I read of his humanizing animals, such as the Exxon tiger, in a book called "The Art Of Humorous Illustration." Hope Alfred doesn't get trampled in that dog dash.

Kathy Quail
Waretown, N.J.

Hope the rest of the gang let that desperately "dancing" Dalmatian go first!

Vicki Herrick
Glenview, Ill.

I'll bet Bob Jones is for the underdog!

Greg Fawcett
Medina, Ohio

TWO FINGER EXERCISE MINI-POSTER

Your Mini-Poster, "Let Your Fingers Do The Walk-(expletives)," was a real glitch.

Bonnie Levy
Washington Township, N.J.

Concerning your Mini-Poster on the back of July's issue, whatever happened to "link sausage"?

Holly Weissel
San Mateo, Calif.

"Fingers" changed my mind about thumbing through MAD!

Roscoe Bunce
Valley Stream, N.Y.

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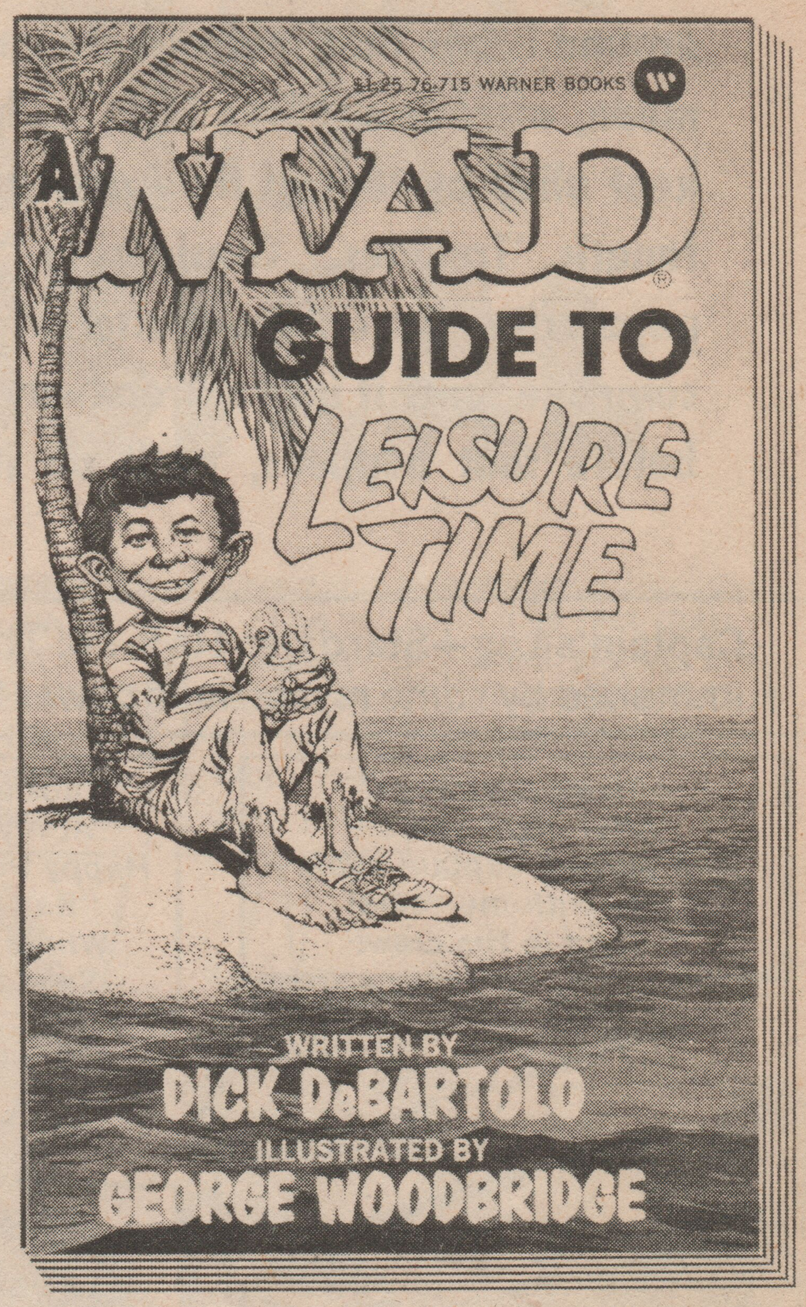
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SPOCK 'N ROLL DEPT.

TV being the ridiculous industry it is, no one should be surprised that the hottest show around is one that folded eight years ago. We mean, of course, "Star Trek," which is being kept alive by tens of thousands of dedicated, fanatic "Trekkies." Considering "Star Trek's" popularity, it's only a matter of time before someone turns it into a Broadway Musical. So, before that happens, we'll do it first, with

KEEP O
THE MAD "S

Captain's Log—Stardate: 10-5-76! Through an **incredible time warp,** the crew of the **Starship "Improvise"** has been summoned by some **mysterious power** to a **meeting** back aboard the retired ship **eight years** after the **death** of the **show!**

*Isn't it strange?
After eight years—
Him playing Captain again—
Me with my ears!
Send in the crew!

Look at me now—
At my old post—
Happy that I can forget
"Barbary Coast!"
Where is my crew?
Send in my crew!

See our old ship—
Down from the sky!
None of the engines
Are working,
And neither am I!

Once I was saving
Their lives with
My medical skill!
Where am I now?
Over the hill!

How have we done?
Not well, we fear—
Typecast as spacemen,
Which means...
We've no career!
So send in the crew!
This old, washed-up crew!
We're better off here!

ORT DRUCKER

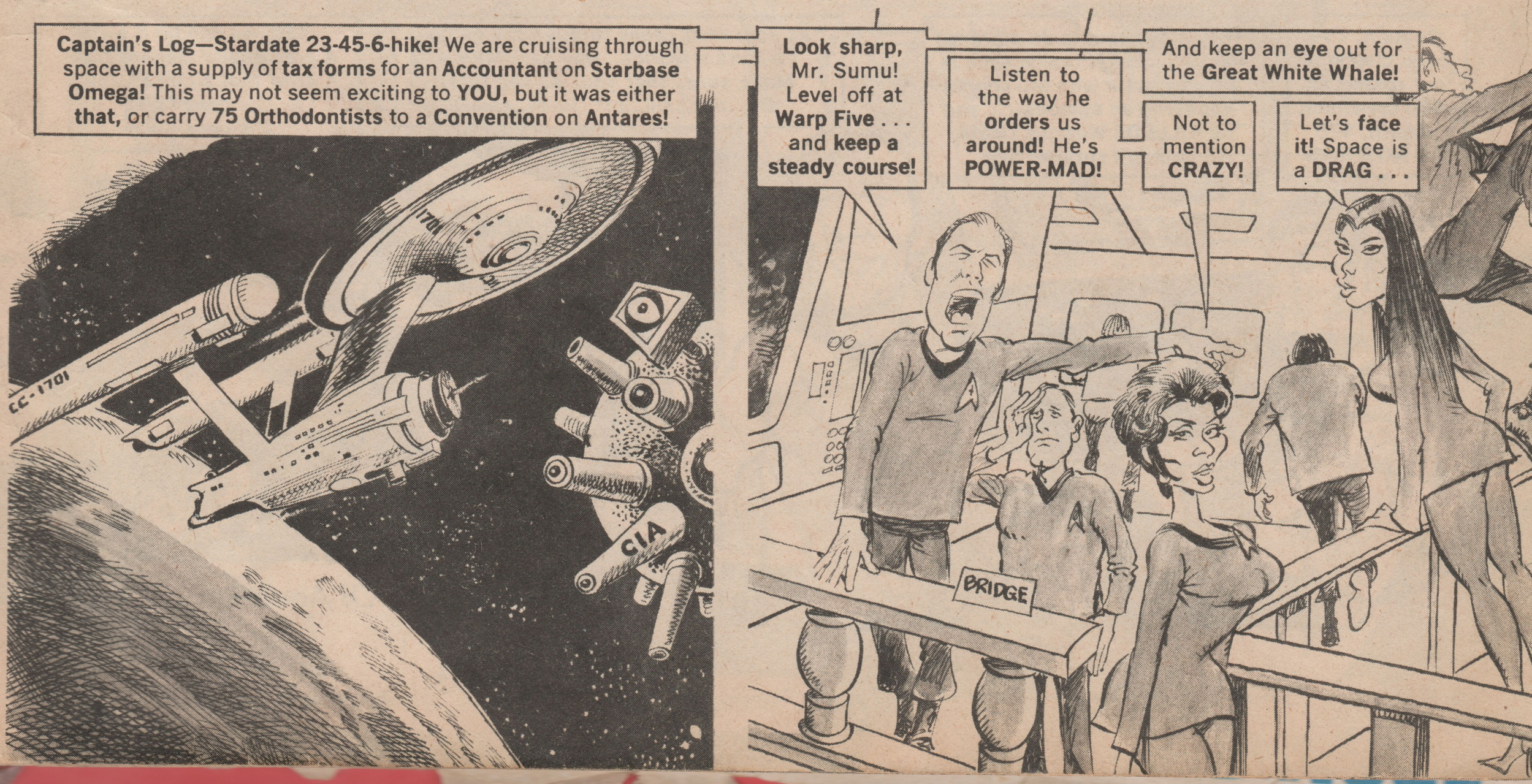
*Sung to the tune of "*Send In The Clowns*"

ON TREKIN'
STAR TREK" MUSICAL





ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



*What do you get when you fly through space?
You're locked in a ship and don't feel human,
Cooped up in space with smelly crewmen—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!

I'd rather join the un-em-ployed
Than cir-cle some stu-pid ast-er-oid!
Watchin' some stupid planet dyin'
Somewhere out there in East Orion!

PLANET URSUS
BORN 3000000000 BC
DIED 1989

*Sung to the tune of "*I'll Never Fall In Love Again*"

What do you eat when you fly through space?
Those heat-n-serve meals from Starbase Alpha,
Tasting like hunks of dried alfalfa—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!

What do you do when you fly through space?
You twiddle your thumbs and you count the hours;
Then when you're through, you take cold showers—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!

Captain, I've been checking our **roster!** Of **480 crewmen** aboard, **475 DO NOTHING!**

They only **seem** to do nothing, Mr. Schlock! Actually, each is a **minor actor** who will **shortly appear** in an **episode** . . . and be **KILLED!!** Without **THEM, WE** couldn't **survive!** See . . .

*As your ship...goes through the gal-ax-y
To distant worlds...way past Mars—
Make sure...that your ad-ven-tures
Do...not...kill...off...your...stars!

And you can do it with
A crew that's dispensible—
A crew that's dispensible—
Dis-pens-i-ble!
Dis-pens-i-ble!

CLINT HARTUNG WHERE ARE YOU?

MA'S

*Sung to the tune of "*The Age Of Aquarius*"

Minor actors that you bring on
Perish when they meet a Klingon!
One-time players not seen later
Vanish in a planet's crater!
Those of us who try to aid them
Fail because the script has made them
Dis-pens-i-ble!
DIS-PENS-I-BLE!

CAPTAIN!! The ship **can't TAKE** any more!

You mean . . . the **SUPERSTRUCTURE** can't stand our **incredible speed?!**

No . . . the **CREW** can't stand your **terrible singing!** We're close to a **MUTINY!!**

Dr. McGoy, I think I've got a **ruptured appendix!**

Take it our **yourself!** I'm just not **interested** in **trite, hackneyed Earth ailments** any more!

**I'm a doctor out in space,*
And, like, I really groove this place,
Because of all the rare dis-ease-es—
Not like your silly coughs or sneezes!
Treating ail-ments that no man be-fore has seen
Is real keen—
They are my kinds...of sick-ness!

Observe that crewman rub his leg;
Last week he got the Neptune Plague;
Today his joints are blue and yel-low—
In seven days he'll turn to Jel-lo—
And that last re-main-ing blob I'll an-a-lyze
When he dies—
This is my kind...of sick-ness!

While beaming up from Gamma II,
I thought this man had caught the flu;
But then his mouth was growing fangs there—
And now from ceilings he just hangs there—
As I sit and list-en to his last re-quests,
I'll run tests—
This is my kind . . . of sick-ness!

Oh, what a joy it is to see
Each brand-new unknown mal-a-dy—
These men are pleading, "Won't you cure us
"From what we picked up on Arc-tur-us?"
And with ev-ry dy-ing gurg-gle in their throats,
I'll make notes—
These are my kinds...of sick-ness!

*Sung to the tune of *"The Sound Of Silence"*

There's only **ONE THING** I love **better** than a **space disease,** and that's **baiting Mr. Schlock!**

Hey, Schlock! **Why** does a **Vulcan** have **pointed ears?**

I . . . I **don't know! Why . . . ?**

So he can **count** to **twelve!**

ANOTHER "Vulcan Joke"! How long must I **put up** with this mockery?! If only these clods knew how a **Vulcan really feels!**

*It's having pointed ears and hearing crewmen telling Vulcan jokes on ship;
And it's always playing straight-man to McGoy, who thinks I'm something of a freak;
And it's chatting with computers and discovering I bore them and they're only chatting back just to be kind;
And it's reaching the conclusion that I'm looked on as a weirdo and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!

It's having blood that's green and with your stomach situated 'bove your heart;
And it's knowing how to paralyze a Romulon by fingering his neck;
And it's working here with Quirk and all his Earthlings who compared to me are morons of the least developed kind;
And it's reaching the conclusion that they've cast me as a "token" and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!

It's mastering telepathy and knowing what the other crewmen think;
And finding out there's nothing on their minds but sex and making out in space;
And it's having no emotions so I really have no inkling of what "making out" means to the human mind;
And it's reaching the conclusion that I must be missing something and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!

*Sung to the tune of "*Gentle On My Mind*"

Sir, I'm picking up **faint signals** from **Planet Pinkus!**

Any **life forms** there, Mr. Schlock?

The computer print-out indicates a **rapidly-increasing population** existing in a **polluted environment** in which people settle **differences** through **war—crime—**and **violence!**

You **idiot!** You're reading the print-out for **Planet EARTH!!**

I'm getting **SINGING COMMERCIALS** from **three different Pinkus Tourist Bureaus . . . !**

Quick! Switch on the **Deep-Scanning Video Screen!**

*What good is sitting
Up there in your ship
When you could be
Our guest?
Beam down to Pinkus West,
My friends!
Beam down to Pinkus West!

PINKUS

*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "*Cabaret*"

You'll want to stay in
Our fancy resorts;
You'll say our food's
The best!
Beam down to Pinkus West,
My friends!
Beam down to Pinkus West!

Come bring your cash
For souvenirs!
Come bring your . . .

Yecch! They're **terrible!** Let's hear the **second** group . . .

**Pinkus East—*
That's where budget-conscious
Spacemen feast—
Where you get the most and
Spend the least—
So beam on down
To Pinkus East!

If you wait,
You may miss our low Off-
Season rate—
It's a bargain at
$9.98—
So beam on down
To . . .

They're **even worse!** Switch on the **third** group!

*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "*Yesterday*"

**How many spots out in space have hotels*
That are on the Am-er-i-can Plan?
Yes, how many spots have a bi-nar-y sun
Where a guy gets a two-sided tan?
Yes, how many spots can you name with great broads
That go wild for a pointed-ear man?
The answer, my friends, is here on Pinkus South!
The answer is here in Pinkus South!

Well, Mr. Schlock . . . ?

I don't know about **YOU,** Captain, but **I'm** beaming down to **Pinkus South!**

*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "*Blowing In The Wind*"

There **could** be **trouble,** so put your phasers on **"Stun"!**

According to my **Tricorder Reading,** the **inhabitants** are **BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN!**

In **that** case . . . put your phasers on **"Caress"!**

JOHN WIENCKO WAS HERE

I am **Varma,** Queen of **Pinkus,** Darling of the **Galaxy,** Goddess of the **Song-Cue!** I have the **power** to grant you and your crew **immortality!**

Us? Immortal? With **our** ratings, we won't even last the **Season!!**

You will **never die,** because—

**When you're has-sled*
By your network,
And your ratings
Turn to rubble,
Don't despair if
You can't get work;
There's an ans-wer
To your troub-le—

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for
Years on
TV!

When fresh plots are
Hard to dream up
And each dis-tant
Star you've been to,
Don't fret when they
Split your team up;
You'll survive by
Get-ting in-to

*Sung to the tune of "*Call Me*"

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for years on TV!

Life will be juic-y!
You'll out-do Luc-y!
When your old shows are re-played!
No one can stop . . . you!
They won't dare drop . . . you!
And, like, man, you'll have it made!

When you see your
Youth-ful face go,
And you're fat and
Dis-si-pat-ed,
You can still through
Deep-est space go,
Young and slim and
Syn-di-cat-ed!

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for
years on
TV!

Captain's Log—Stardate: 54-40 or fight! Our **flashback** is **over** and we're back where we were when this musical **started**—still waiting for that **mysterious power** who summoned us together **eight years** after the **death** of our show!

Sorry to keep you **waiting,** Gentlemen! Now, let's get right down to business . . .

So **YOU'RE** the **Mysterious Power!!**

That's **right!** I'm a **Vice-President** of **NBC!** We want you and your crew to **fly through space again . . . coast to coast** . . . on **Network Prime Time!**

Are you **crazy?** We'd be **out of our minds!** We're **sitting pretty** the way we **are!**

We're **idolized** by **thousands of Sci-Fi fans!** We're **mobbed** by **gorgeous teen-age "Trekkies"!**

We've got it **made** with **RE-RUNS** and **LECTURES** and **CONVENTIONS!** With **ROYALTIES** pouring in from **BOOKS** and **MODELS** and **TOYS** and **POSTERS!**

We don't need **YOU!** We've got—

*Money!
That's the reason
We don't have a care!
Money!
Oh, yessiree, we
Really get our share!

See the Trekkies out there
Who are buying our stuff;
They're hooked, we swear,
And that's enough!

Yes,
Money
Coming
Through—
We love
You!

Money!
Piling up in
Big, e-nor-mous stacks!
Money!
From the sales of
Kits and pap-er-backs!

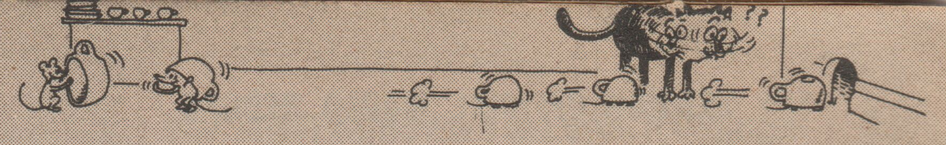
Let's cheer those kids
Who go in hock
From buy-ing dolls
Of Mr. Schlock!

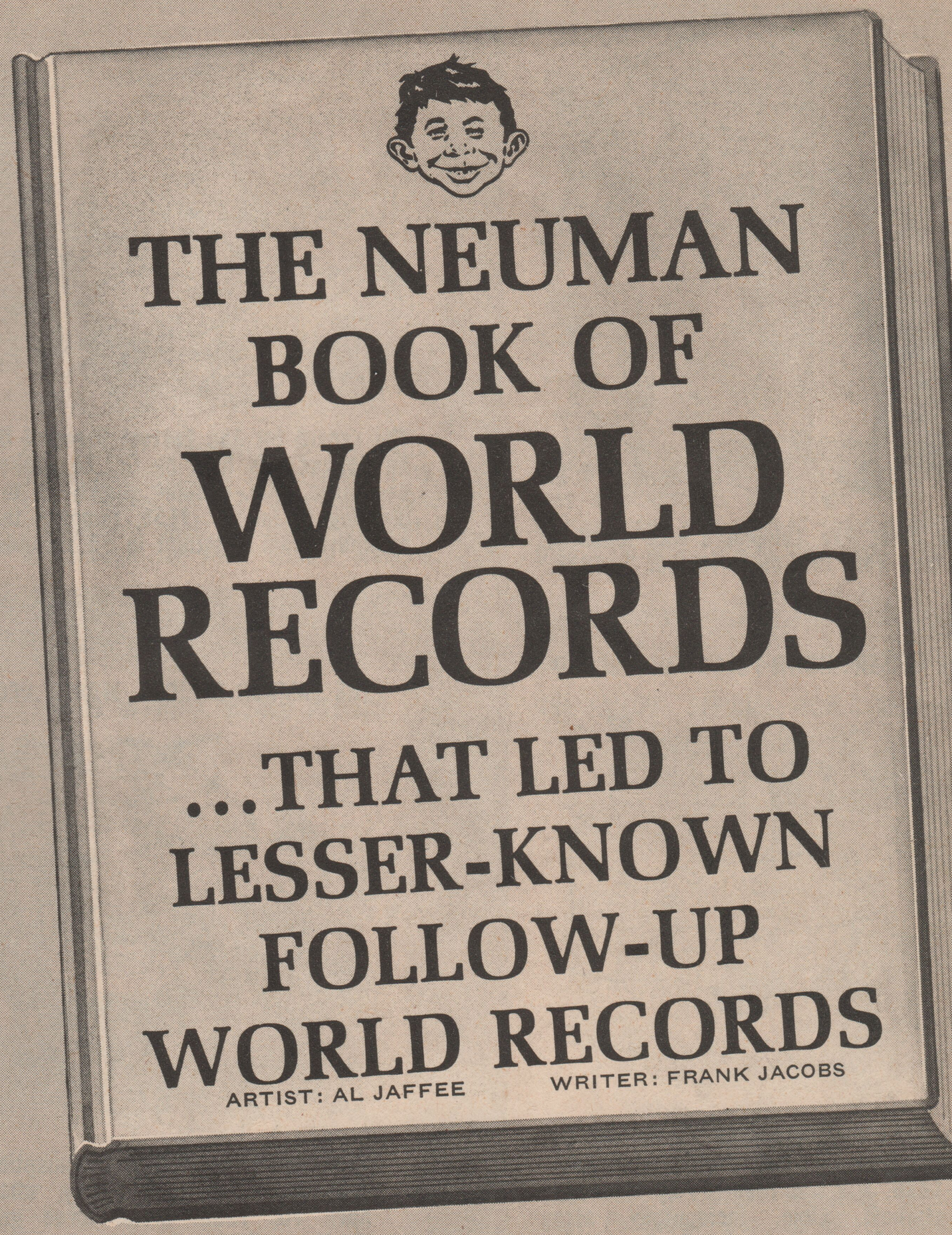
Oh,
Money!
We love
You!
Yes, we
Do!

*Sung to the tune of "Sunny"

SMELLY FEATS DEPT.

We have always been intrigued with *The Guiness Book Of World Records*, which lists feats and undertakings that are greater, taller, faster, smaller or older than any others. Recently, MAD began compiling its own set of World Records. And—you know what we found out? We found out that many famous World Records have led to Lesser-Known Follow-Up Records that are even more amazing and stupefying. To show you what we mean, here are excerpts from...



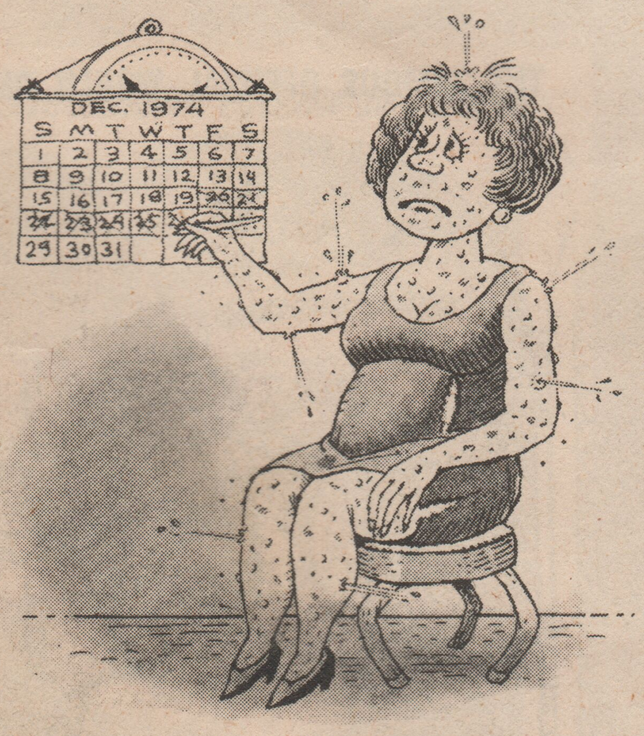


THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



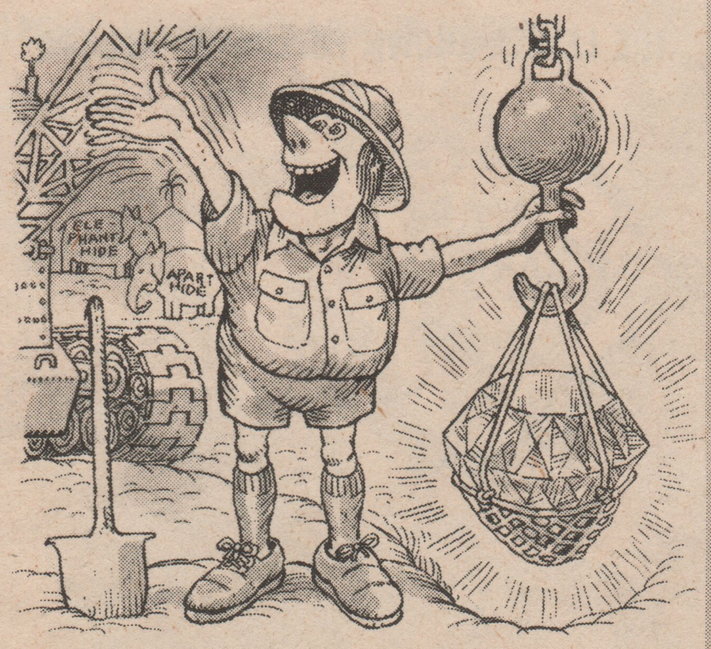
The World Record for Eating Chocolate Bars was set by Lydia Ann Snavely, of Skroon City, Idaho, who consumed 187 6-ounce Hershey Milk Chocolate Bars in 37 minutes on December 20, 1974.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



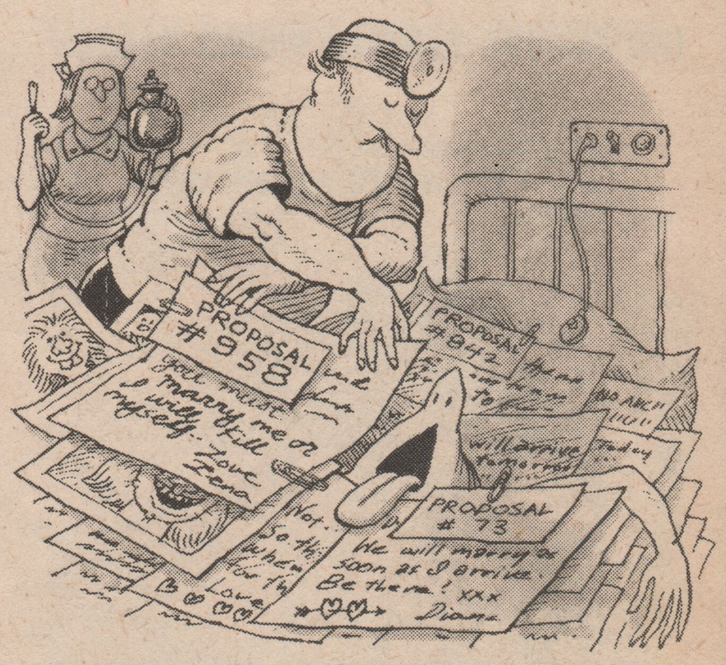
The World Record for Acne was set by Lydia Ann Snavely, of Skroon City, Idaho, who suffered 911 eruptions of facial pimples, hickeys and blemishes between December 20 and 26, 1974.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



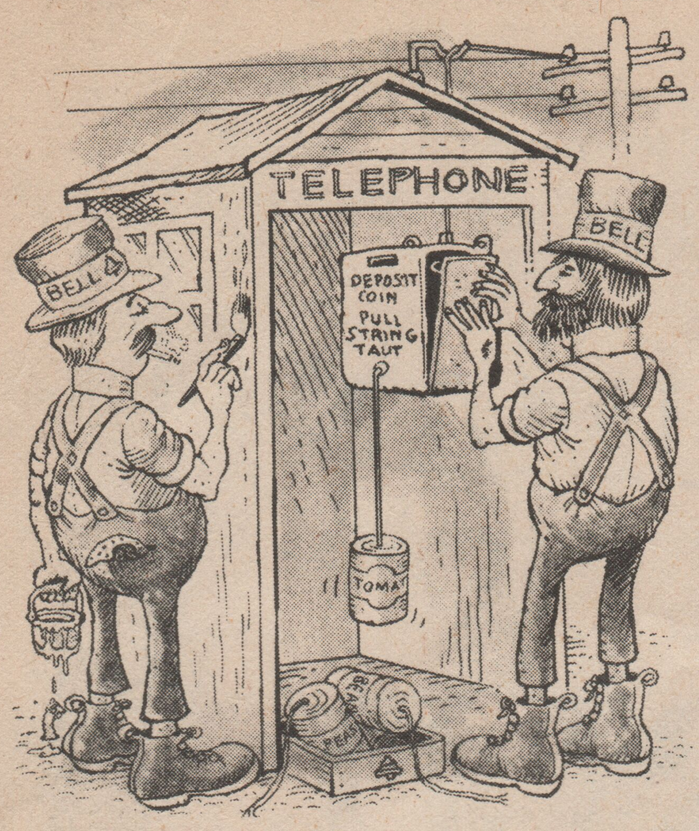
The Largest Diamond Ever Discovered was found by Mervyn X. Waxbush, who uncovered a stone that weighed 455 carats in a field outside of Pretoria, South Africa, March 13, 1922. The diamond was valued, before cutting, at nearly $5,000,000.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The World Record For Marriage Proposals Received By A Man was held by Mervyn X. Waxbush of Pretoria, South Africa, who received 958 proposals of marriage from women between Mar., 1922, and his death from physical exhaustion in August, 1925.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The First Pay Telephone was installed in New York City on November 1, 1888.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



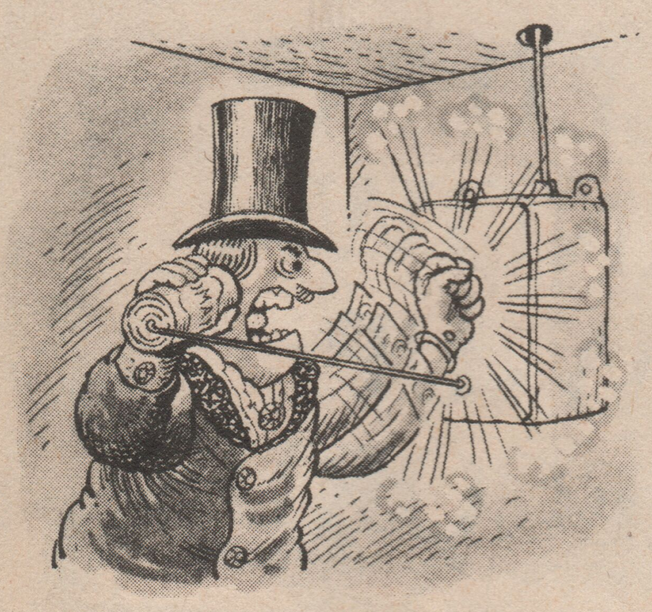
The record for The Fastest Removal Of An Appendix is held by Dr. Ed Greber of Boston, who, working quickly on the morning of June 1, 1955, removed the appendix from a patient in 55 seconds.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



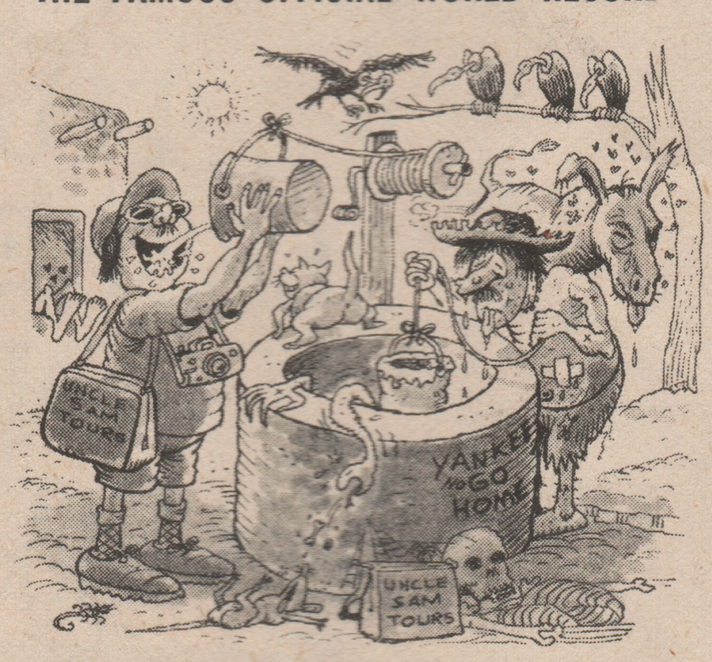
The record for Most Fingers Accidentally Cut Off During An Operation belongs to Interne Myron Klutz, who had four fingers sliced off while assisting Dr. Ed Greber in Boston on June 1, 1955.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



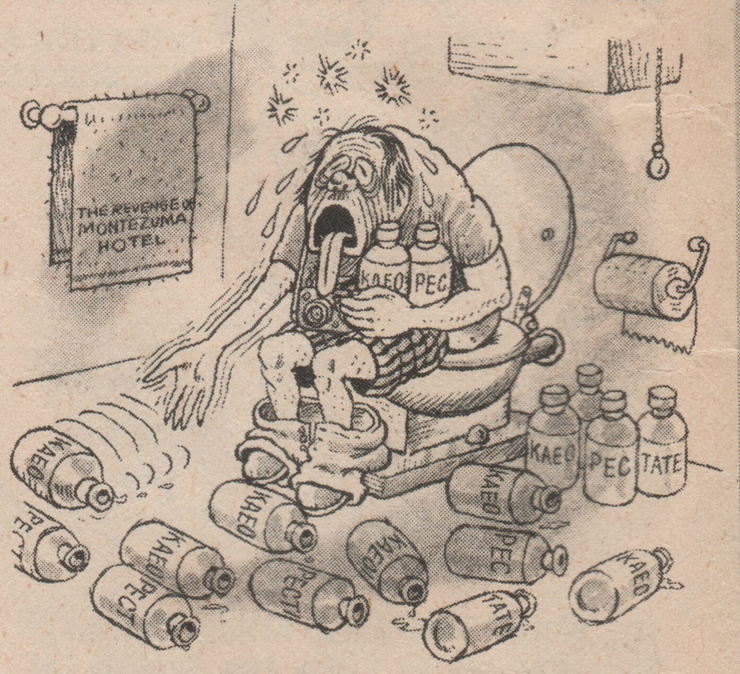
The First Pay Telephone To Go Out Of order occured in New York City on Nov. 1, 1888, and was reported by Elmo Jay Finsterhoff. Elmo, incidentally, also became The First Person To Ever Lose Money In A Pay Telephone on that date.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The record for Water Consumption is held by tourist Elmo Yancy, who, on April 10, 1955, drank three gallons in the village of Carramba, Mexico, after he'd crossed the Baja on foot.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



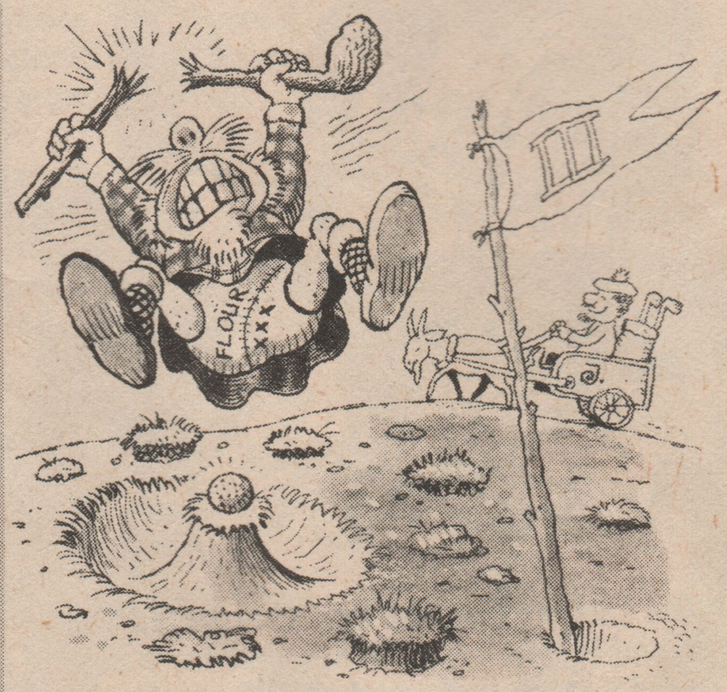
The record for Kaopectate Consumption is held by Elmo Yancey, who, during a seige of "Montezuma's Revenge," drank the contents of thirty-four 12-ounce bottles from April 10th to 15th, 1966.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



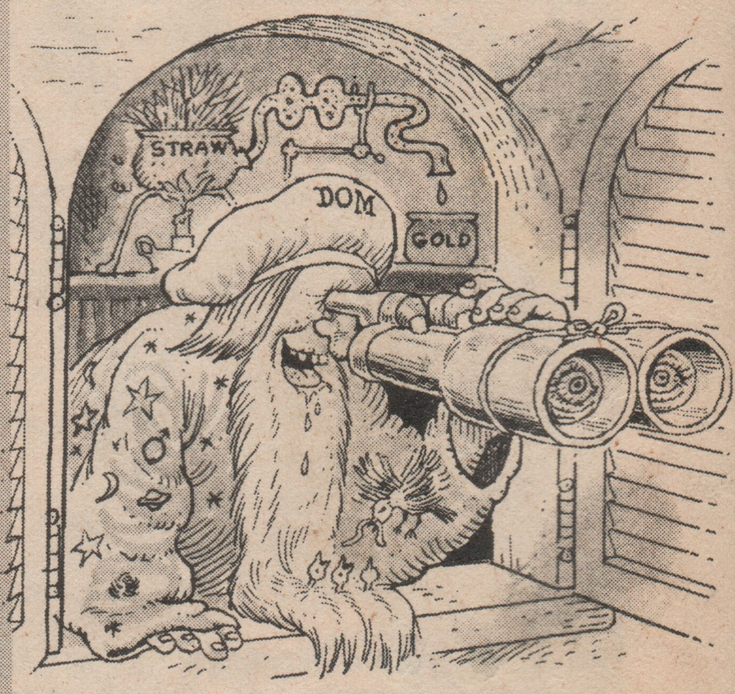
The First Golf Course was completed on August 15, 1644 in a field outside the village of Tavish, Scotland, by Angus MacPherson after 7 years of hard work.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



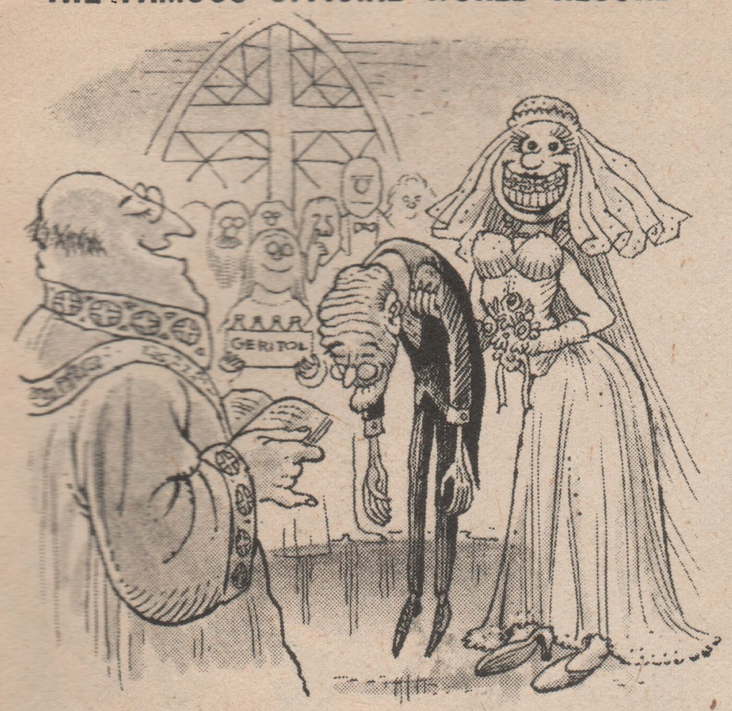
The First Golfer To Break A Club In Disgust was Angus MacPherson, after playing three holes of a course near Tavish, Scotland on August 15, 1644.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



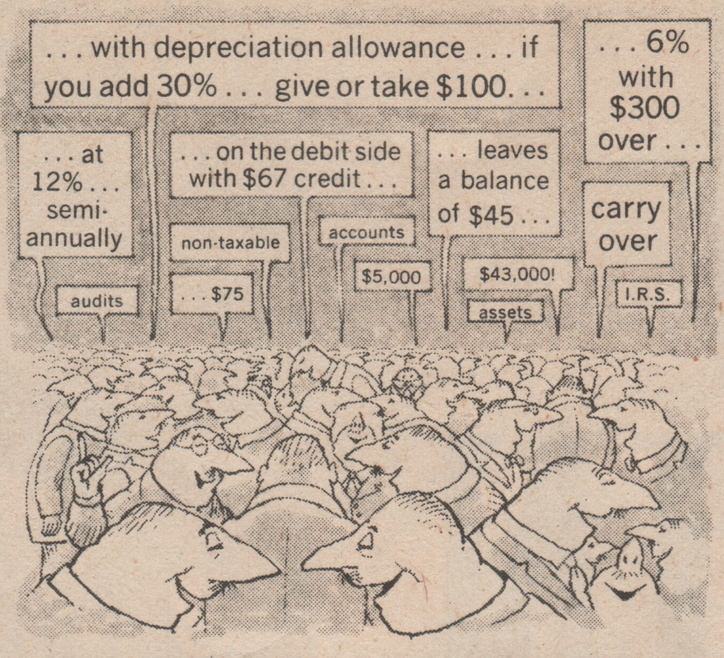
The First Practical Set of Binoculars was invented in 1657 by Antonio Della Scappini, an Italian scientist, who lived in the crowded city of Gronza.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



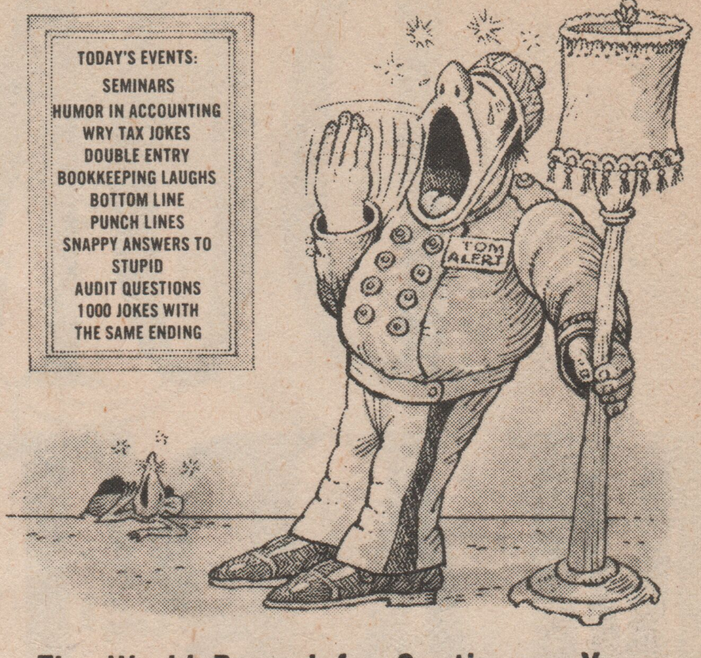
The World Record for the Greatest Age Difference In A Married Couple was set when Leonard Skaggs, age 112, married Phoebe Weebey, age 16, in a ceremony in Fort Wayne, Indiana, June 3, 1933.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



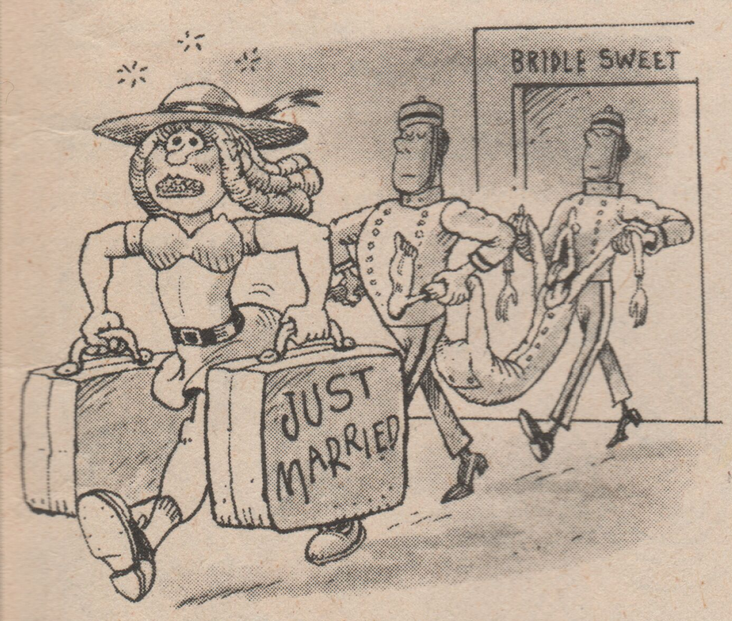
The Largest Convention in the United States was held May 14th through 19th, 1967, when 14,572 Certified Public Accountants met in the Hilton Hotel in Chicago for their annual meeting.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The World Record for Continuous Yawning was held by Wilbur Farquahr, who was a Bellhop in the Hilton Hotel in Chicago, and who yawned without stopping from May 14th to May 18th, 1967.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The Shortest Honeymoon On Record took place in Fort Wayne, Indiana, June 3, 1933, when Leonard and Phoebe Skaggs checked into the Bridal Suite of the Grand Plaza Hotel at 9:45 P.M., and then checked out 17 minutes later to fly to Reno and file for a divorce.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



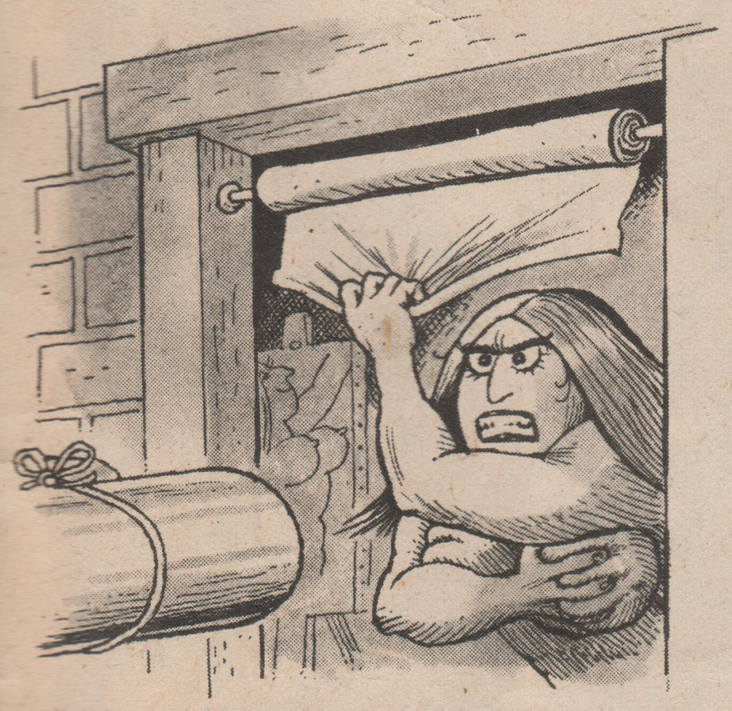
The Loudest Sound emitted by a mammal is the early Spring mating call of the Spotted Moose of the Northern Yukon, a species that is now near extinction.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The Most Ridiculous Magazine Article Ever Published was an idiotic piece called "The Neuman Book Of World Records That Led To Lesser-Known Follow-Up Records! which appeared in issue # 186 of MAD Magazine on Aug. 17, 1976.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The First Roll-Down Window Shade was invented in 1657 by Rosa Rizzoto, an artists model, for her bedroom window in the crowded Italian city of Gronza.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The Deafest Mammal in the World is the female Spotted Moose of the Northern Yukon, according to scientific tests— which may explain its near extinction.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The Most Subscriptions To A Magazine Ever Cancelled In A Single Day occured the day after issue #186 of MAD Magazine went on sale, Aug. 17, 1976.

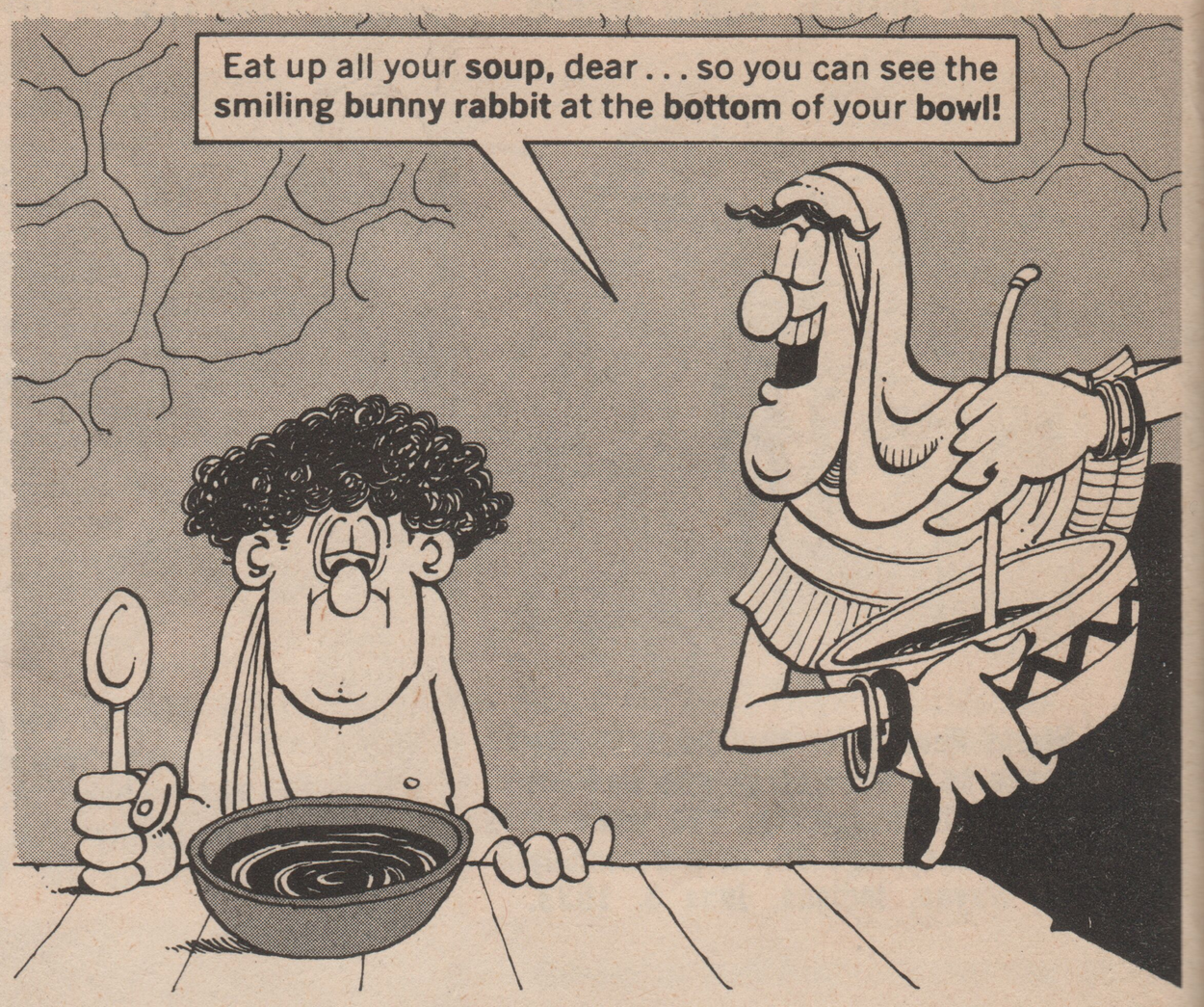
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

DON MARTIN

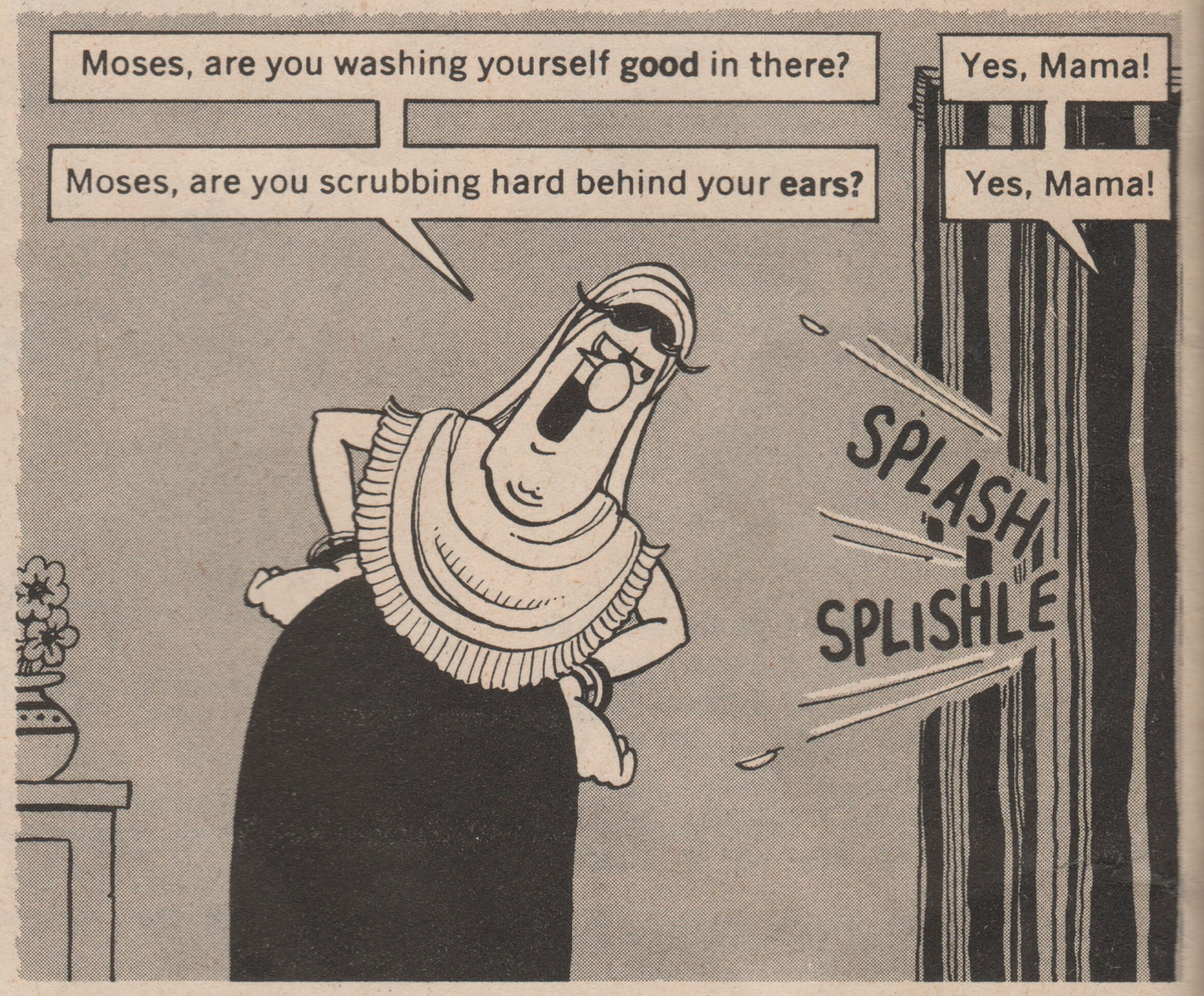
presents

"THE STORY OF MOSES"

PART I–MOSES .... AS A



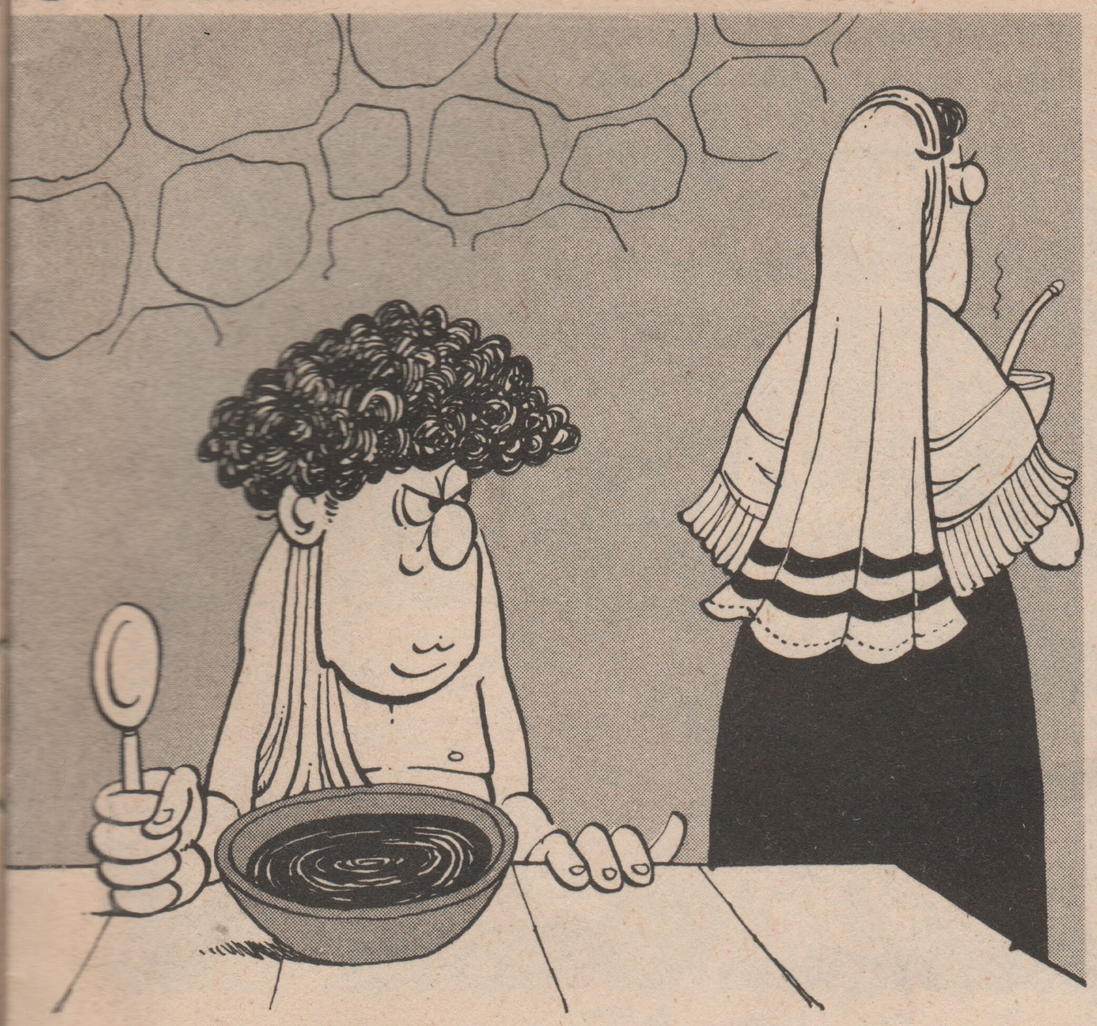
PART II–MOSES .... AS A



PART III–MOSES .... AS A



CHILD





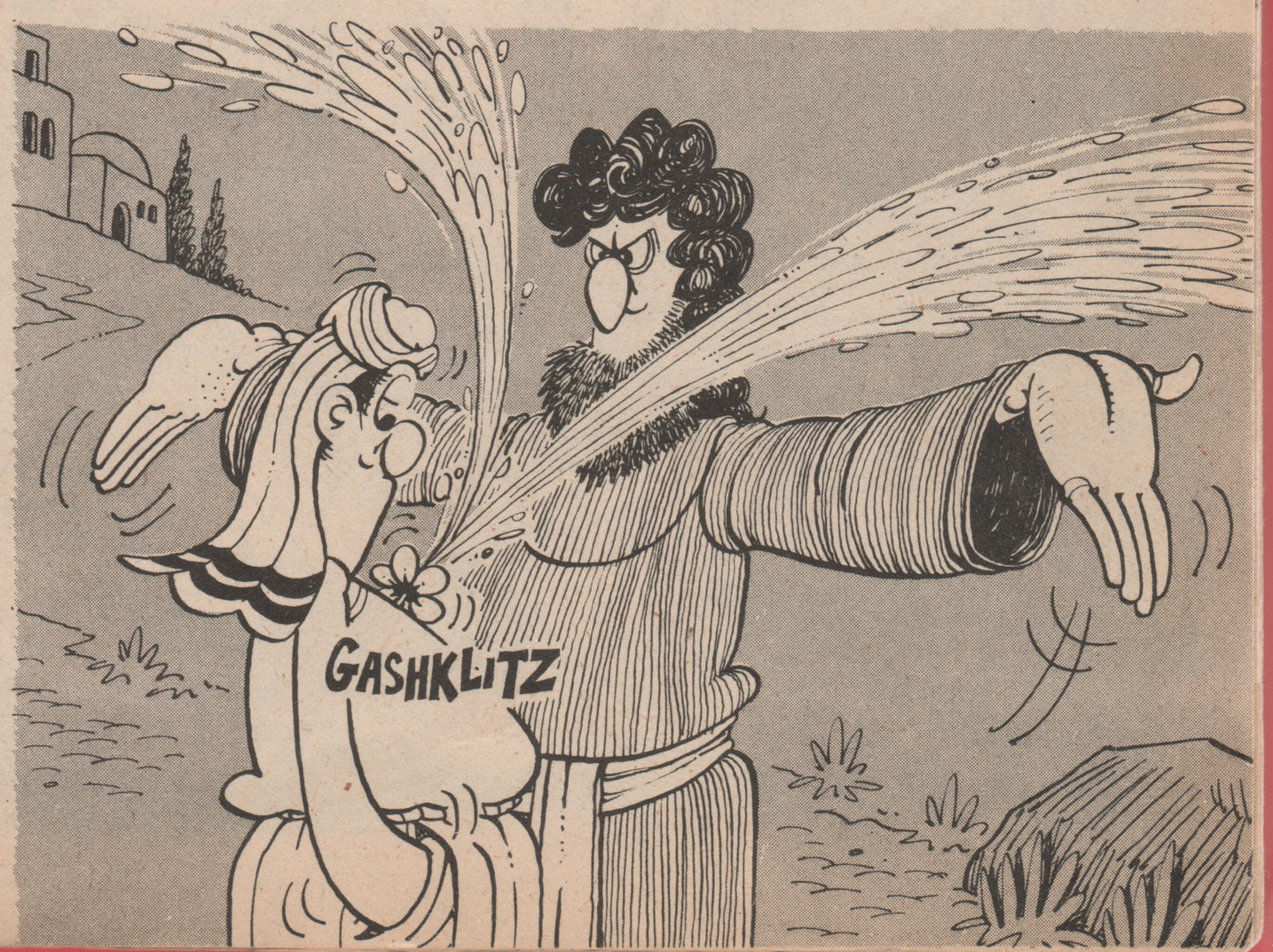
SMALL BOY



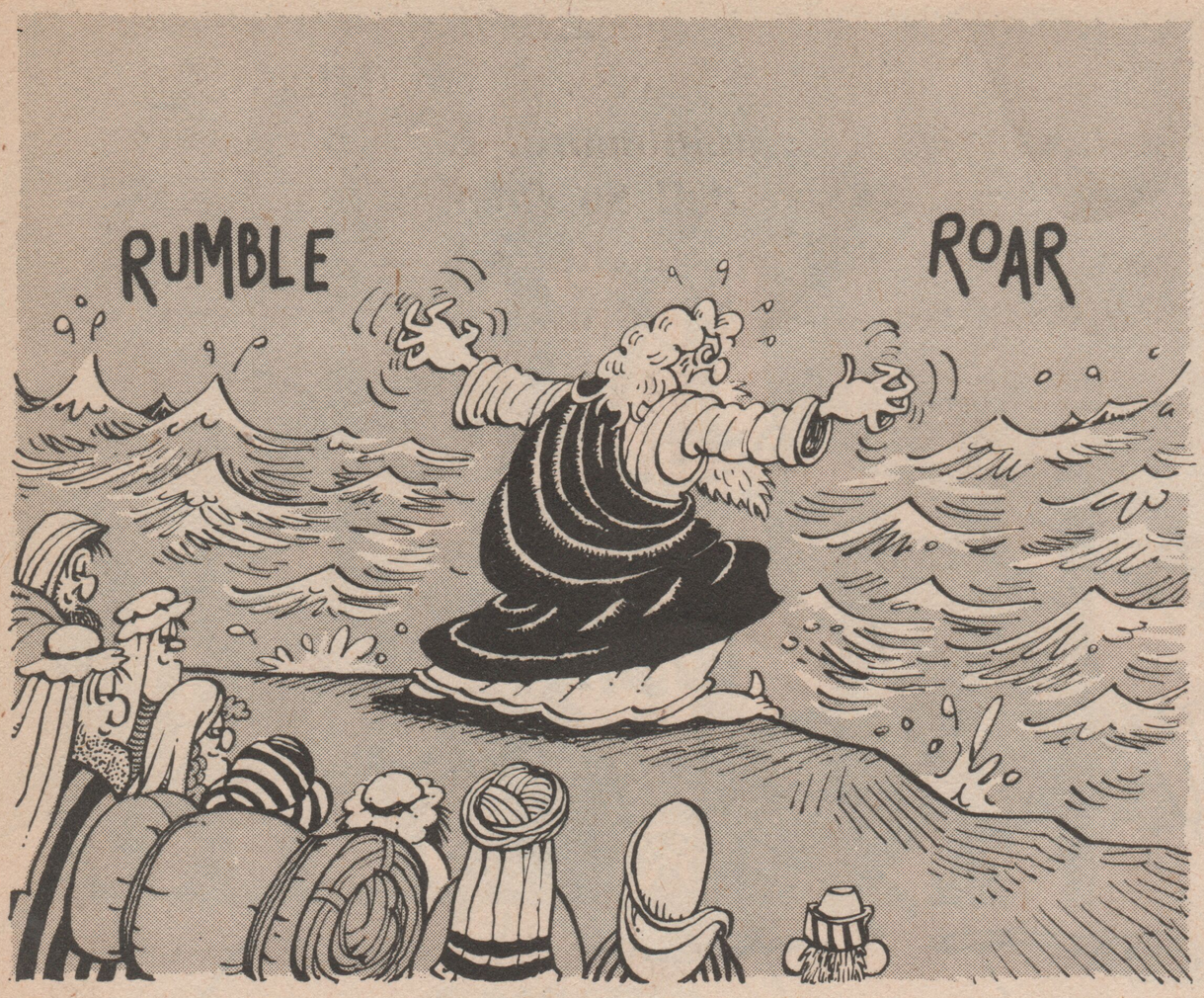


YOUNG MAN

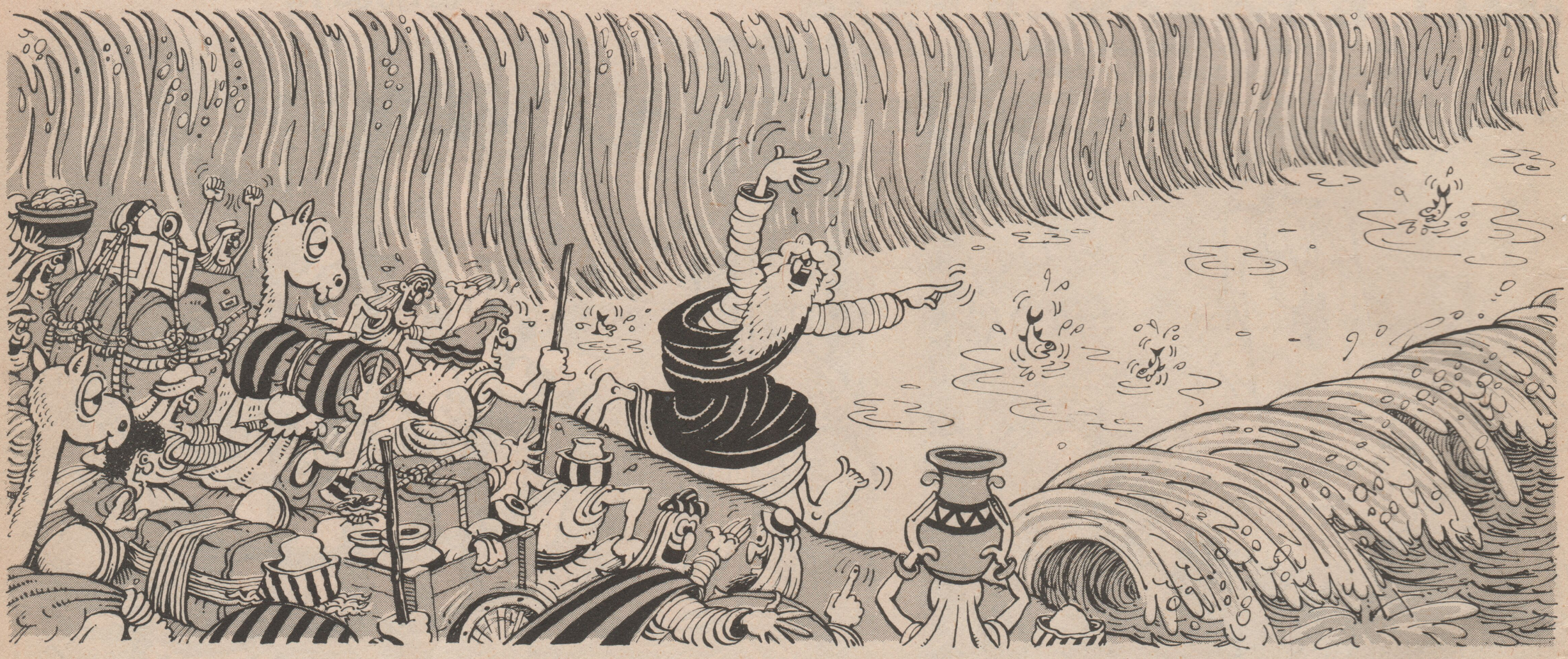


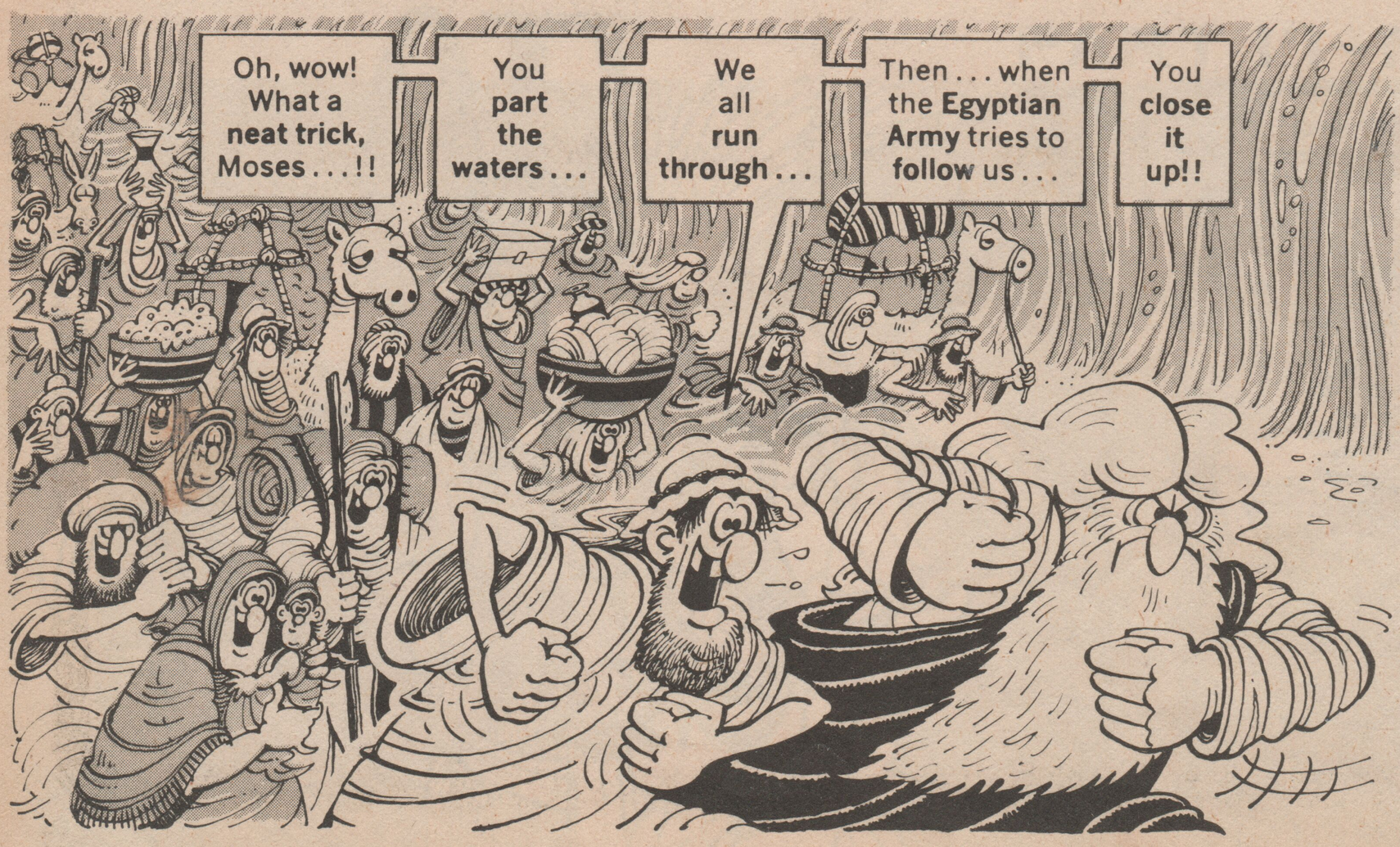


PART IV–MOSES.... AS AN OLD MAN











Since his death, so many Wills supposedly written by Howard Hughes have appeared that we have lost count. Obviously, they all can't be real. But with an estate valued in excess of two billion dollars, who can blame anyone for trying to grab a piece and become a millionaire? In fact, we here at MAD feel very strongly that you, Dear Reader, should not be left out! So enter your name in the proper space provided in the attached "official" and "authorized" Document, rush down to your Post Office (remembering that old cliché: "First come, first probated.") and mail in your copy of

MAD'S "DO-IT-YOURSELF" HOWARD HUGHES WILL

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

March 3, 1976

I, Howard R. Hughes, being of sound mind and body (sound mind and body for me, at least!), hereby declare this to be my LAST "official" and "authorized" Will:

All of the uncensored and unretouched photographs I personally took of Jane Russell and her unique constructions, I bequeath to Frank Sinatra, who should appreciate them.

My famous wooden airplane, tastelessly nicknamed "The Spruce Goose," I bequeath to Hugh Hefner, who recently was forced to give up his <u>own</u> flying self-indulgence.

All of my beautiful women, regardless of their <u>current</u> condition, I bequeath to Burt Reynolds, regardless of <u>his</u> current condition.

That top-secret CIA Russian Submarine Recovery Ship, which costs about $18,000 a day to maintain, I bequeath to the Sea Scouts of America. So sell a lot of cookies, kids!

And the entire balance of my estate, valued at about two billion dollars --give or take a few million-- I bequeath to
because NOT ONCE during my lifetime did this person ever touch me, bother me, help me, or even try to contact me!!

Written and signed by:

Howard R. Hughes

Witnessed by:
Clifford Irving
Alfred E. Neuman

The **noise** that darn **S.S.T.** creates is driving me **bananas!!**

Are you **crazy?!**

I don't hear any **S.S.T. noise!**

Not up there, Dummy! Listen to what's going on **down there!!**

NO S.S.T. AT J.F.K.!

THE S.S.T. BLASTS US WHERE WE LIVE!

BAN THE S.S.T.! STOP NOISE POLLUTION!

HUSH!

SHHH!

QUIET

STOP!

NO!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

NO

COUGH!

COUGH!

I never heard so much **coughing** at a **lecture!**

COUGH!

COUGH!

That's **usually** a sign that it's a **dull** lecture!

I guess you're **right!** It's mostly **one guy** doing **all the coughing!**

The **LECTURER!**

LEO

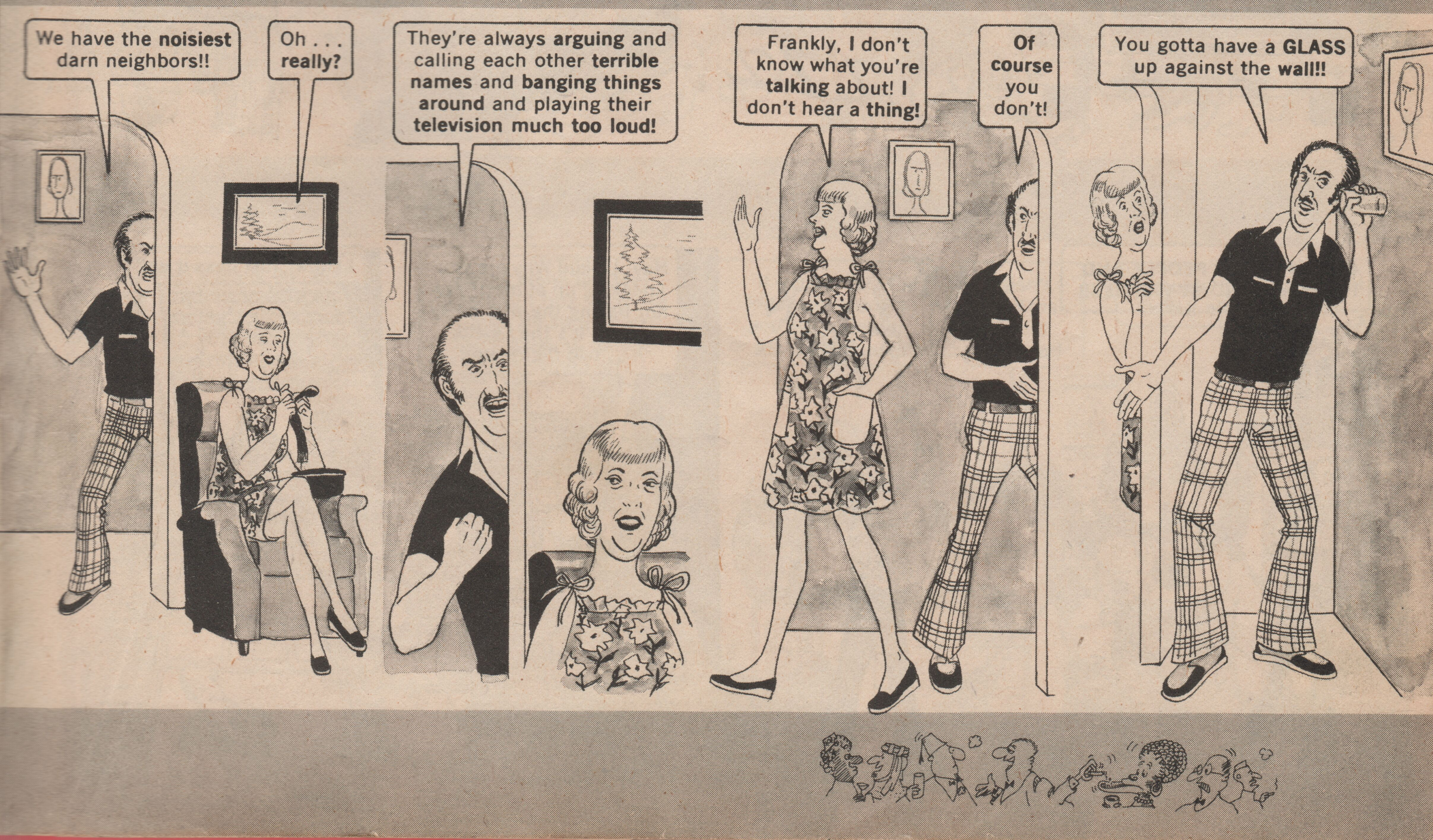
LEO BUSY CAT

NUDIST COLONY



DISTURBED

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



THAT DARN RADIATOR-KNOCKING IS DRIVING ME OUT OF MY MIND!!

Don't knock it!

KNOCK KNOCK

Just remember the times we nearly froze in this apartment, hoping for some heat!

That's true, but . . .

So just be thankful that at last we're getting some steam!

Normally, I WOULD be . . .!!

KNOCK

BUT NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SUMMER!!!

AUGUST

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

CLOSED FOR REPAIRS

What's that buzzing sound?

It's a built-in safety device! The buzzer will stop buzzing when you put on your seat belt!

BZZZZ

PL 475

Well, I'm not gonna let some mindless gadget tell ME what to do! No matter HOW grating it is on my nerves, I WON'T GIVE IN!

BZZZZ

Go ahead! Buzz away all you want! You won't break my spirit! My will is strong! My endurance is limitless! I can take it!

Well, I can't! It's awful!

BZZZZ

In that case, I'll put on my seat belt! But remember . . . it was YOU, not ME that gave in!!

DAMN THOSE PEOPLE AND THEIR WILD NOISY PARTIES!!

KNOCK KNOCK

Hey, Lipkin! Why are you knocking up at me?!? I'm not having the wild noisy party! It's the Levitts . . . two flights up!!

I know! Just pass it on!!

Wouldn't you know it!?! I go to a nice quiet restaurant . . . and a couple comes in with a baby and picks the next table! Now the brat will start to cry and scream and ruin my meal!

Just keep your eye on your watch! In thirty seconds, the little monster is gonna start howling! It never fails!!

WAA!

See?! What did I tell you! Boy, some people are so inconsiderate!!

Sir, could I ask you to stop smoking that cigar! It's so inconsiderate of you! It's ruining our meal, and the smell is making our baby cry!

YAAAHH!

ARF

ARF

Lady, will you please call off your dog!?

Not to worry! Don't you know barking dogs don't bite? See? He's wagging his tail!

ARF

ARF

I see! I see! But on the other end, I ALSO see a lot of gnashing teeth!!

ARF

ARF

Which end do I believe?!?

ARF

ARF

Good God, what's going on here? You've got a radio and a TV on! AND you're running your vacuum cleaner . . . AND your mix-master! What kind of craziness is that?!

Living alone is a real bummer! I turn all those things on so it won't seem quite so lonely! I'll switch them off . . .

BANG BANG

RUUMM

WUURR

If you're THAT lonely, why don't you get married, or get a roommate!?

I don't think that would work out!

I wouldn't know how to switch off a PERSON!

DARN THAT ALARM CLOCK!!

WHAT alarm clock? I didn't hear anything!!

7:30

Neither did !!! They don't MAKE alarm clocks the way they USED to! It was supposed to go off at seven, but it didn't! That's what woke me up!

You mean you have a built-in alarm clock?!?

7:31

Actually, Man has always had that primitive ability! It's known as our "Circadian Rhythm"!

If that's so, then WHY do people need manufactured alarm clocks!?

7:31

Because they don't make PEOPLE the way they used to!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

What is it with that kid!?! Guns! Guns! Guns! That's all he plays with is guns!! He should have some other interests!!

HERE! Take this BAT AND BALL and go play outside!!

BANG! BANG!

I'm trying to watch the movie . . . and those two chatterboxes behind us keep distracting me!

So be a man and assert yourself! If their talking bothers you, tell them to shut up!

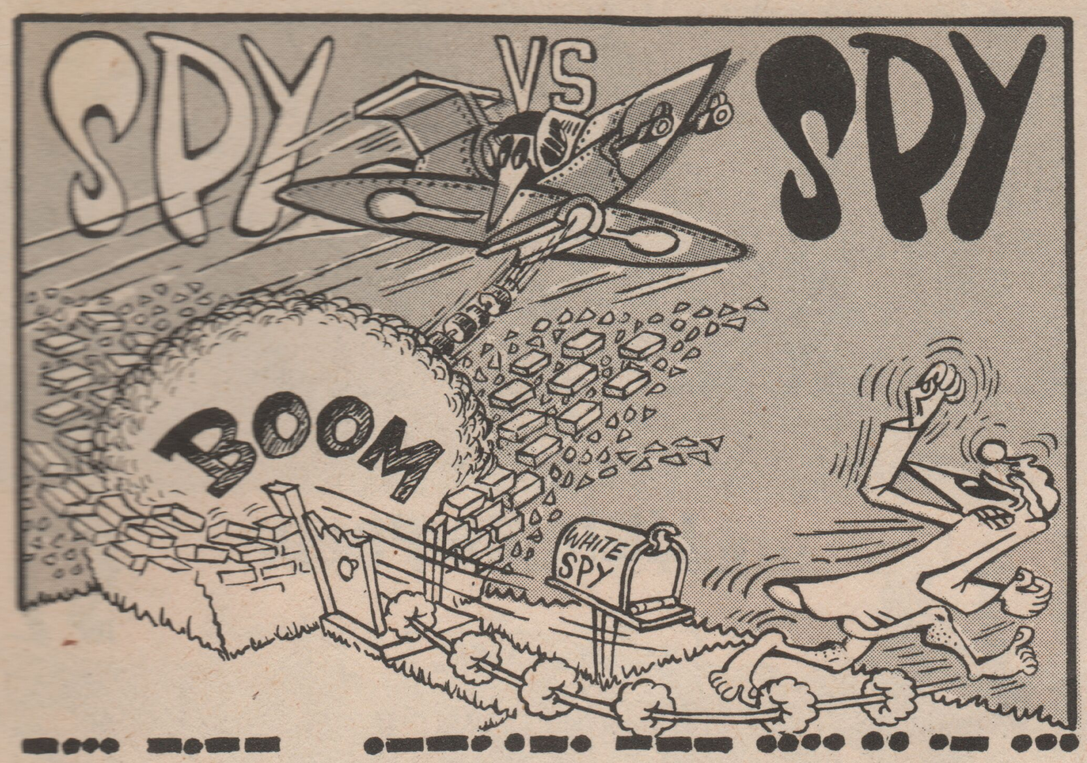
Okay! I'll do that!

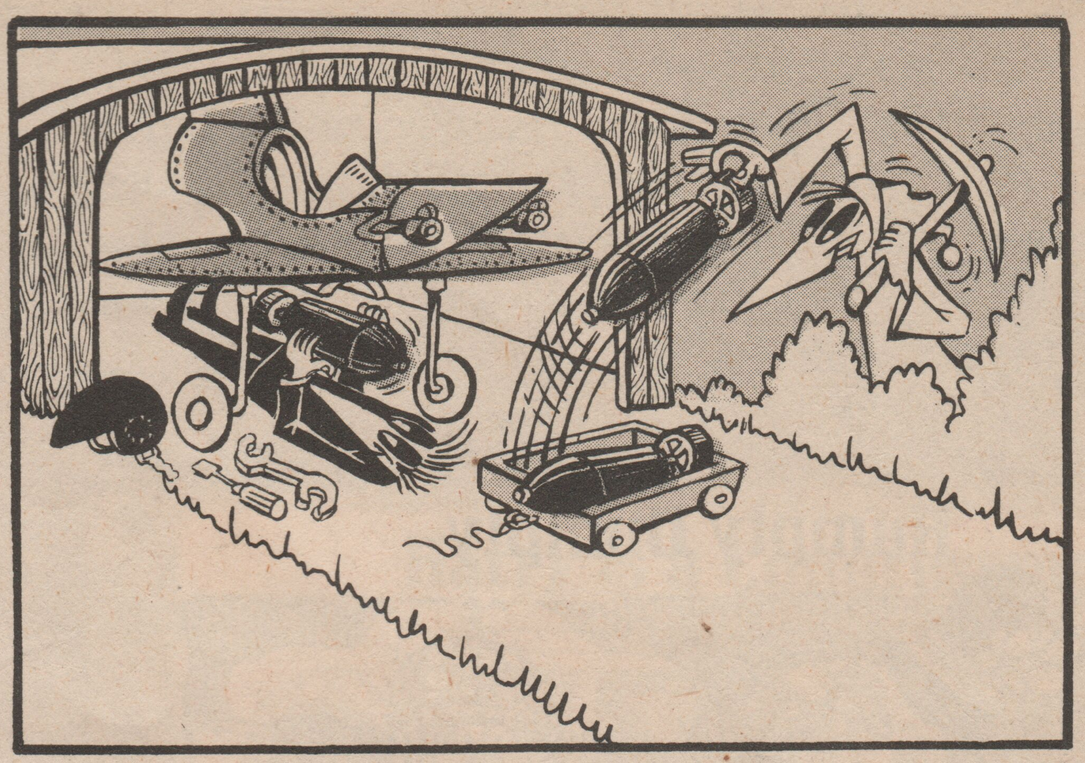
Er—pardon me, ladies . . . but with all your YACKETY-YAKKING, I can't hear ONE WORD!

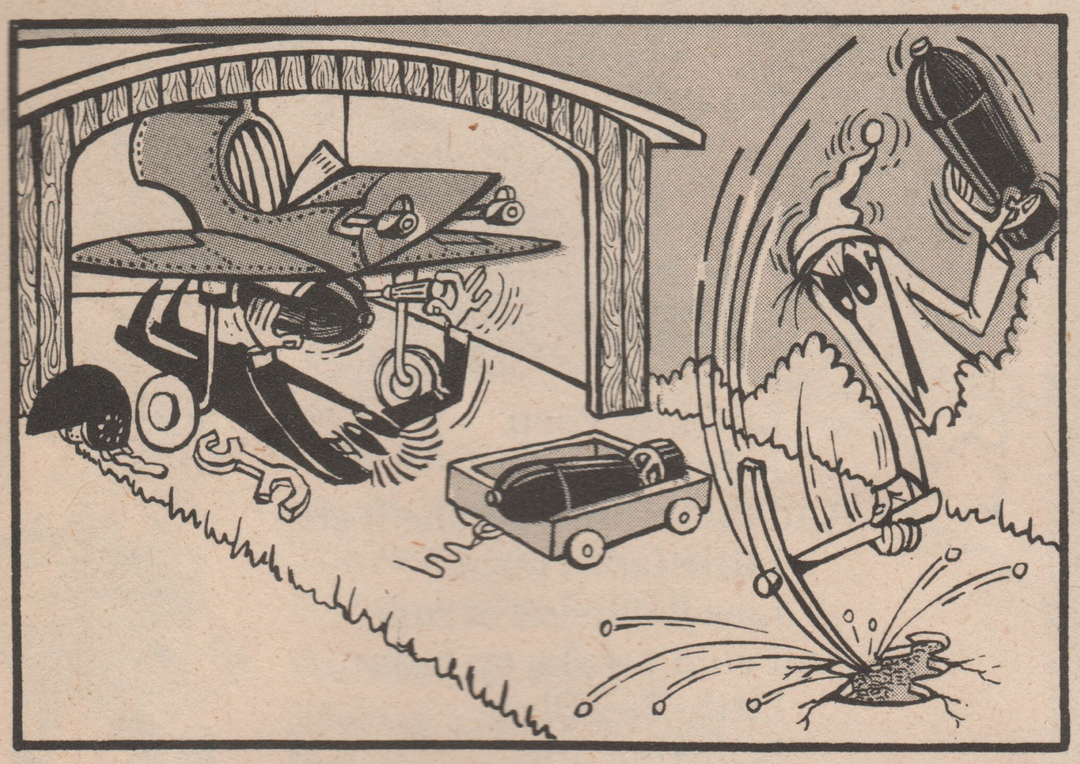
LISTEN, FELLAH! WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!!

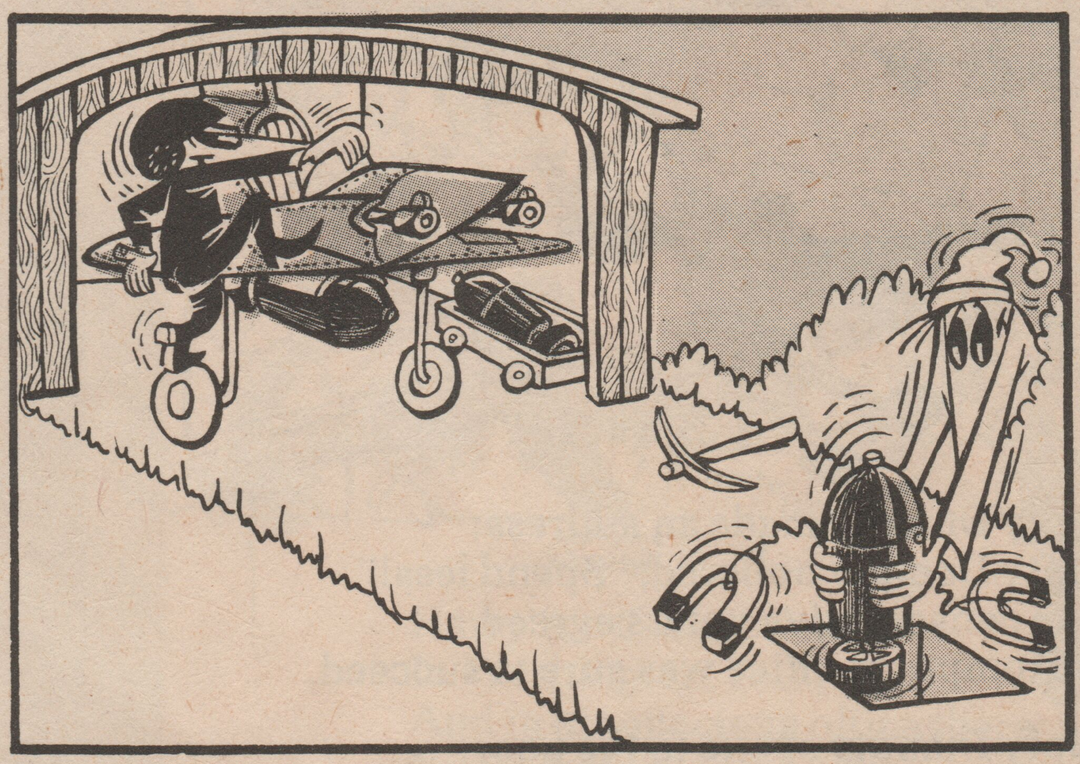
David Berg

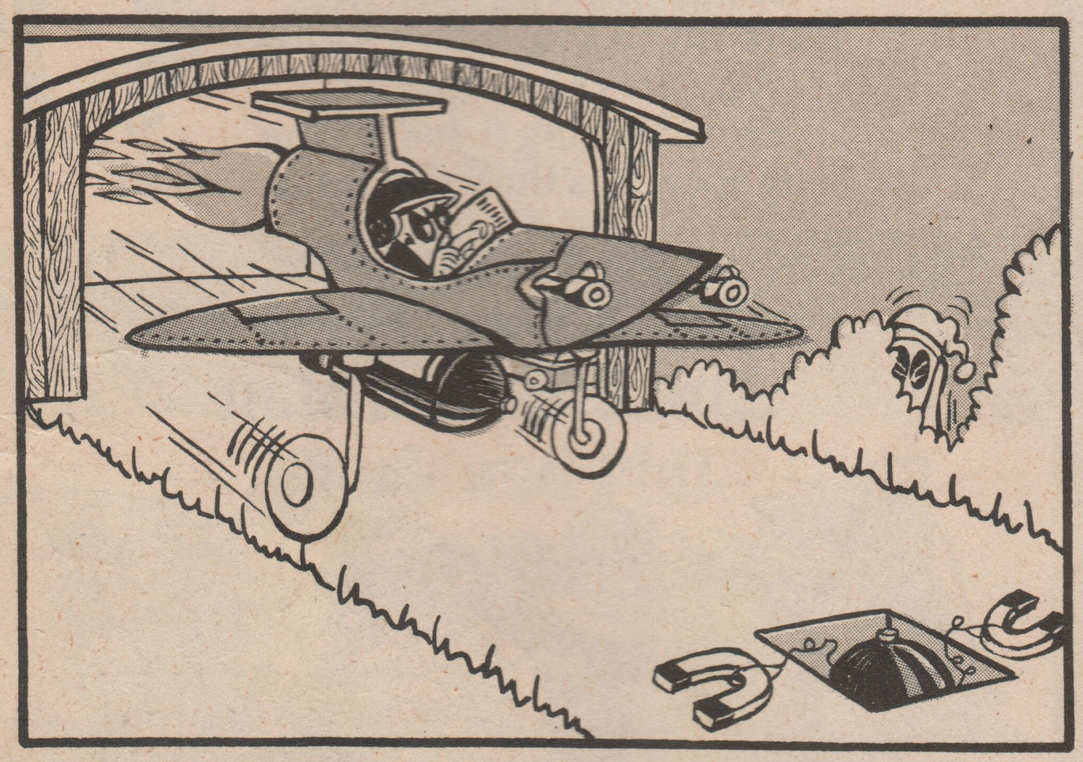


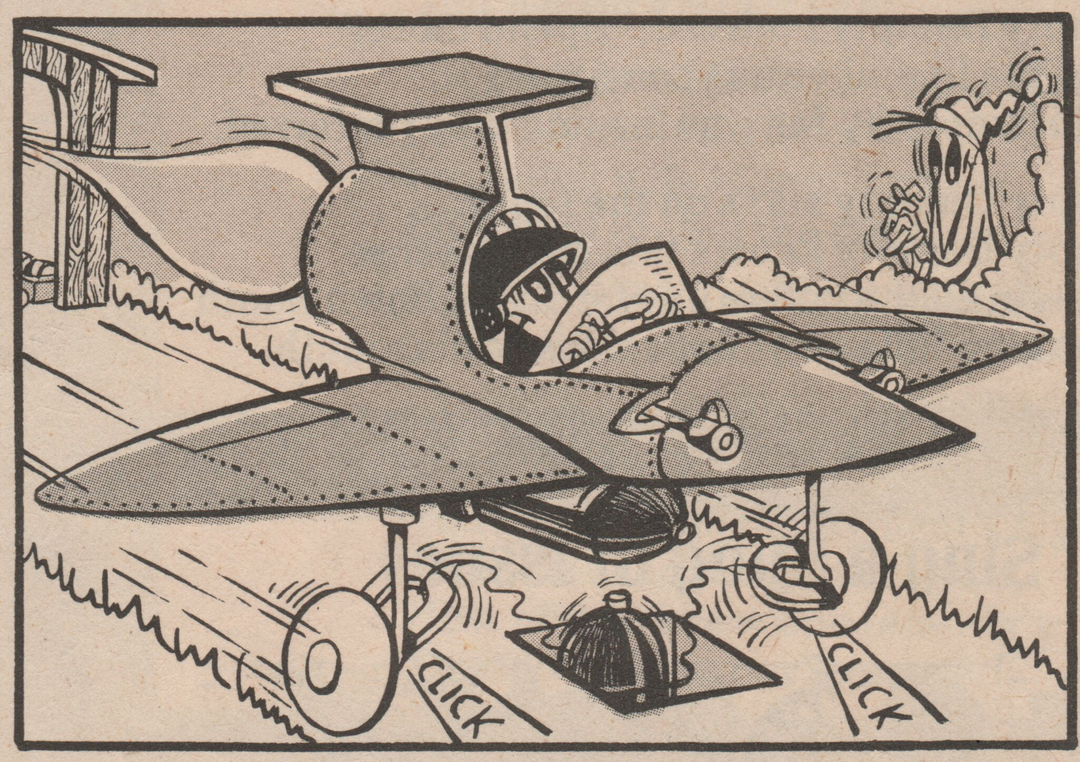

SPY VS SPY
BOOM
WHITE SPY

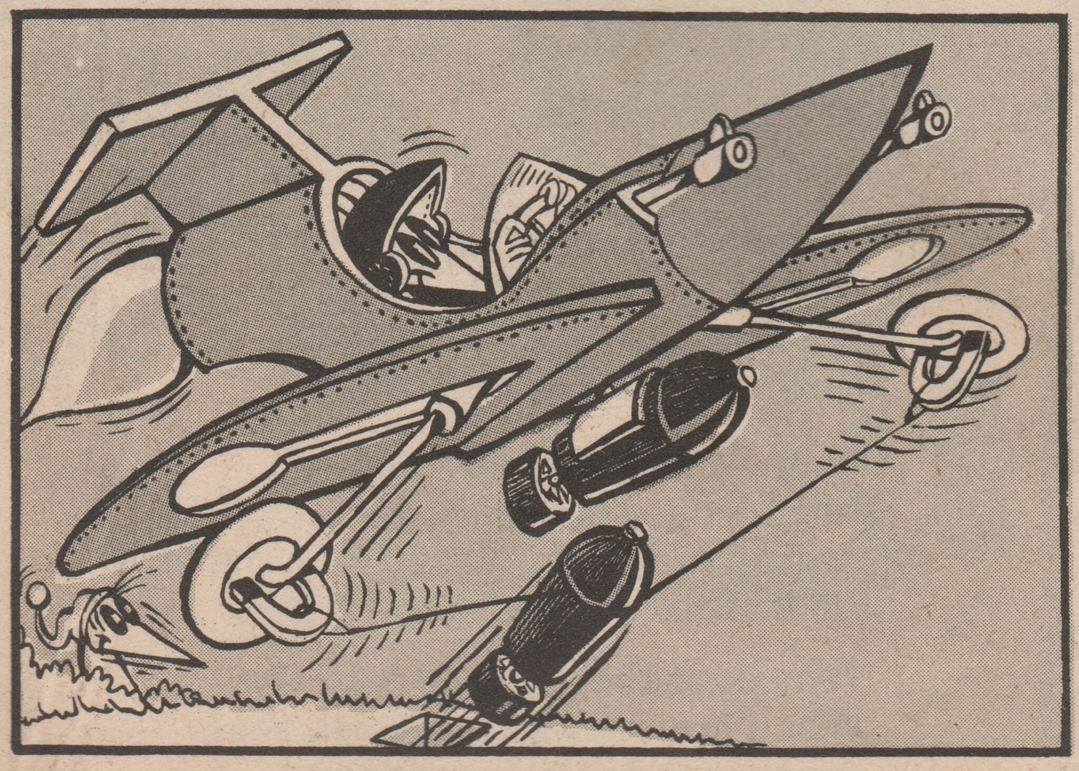


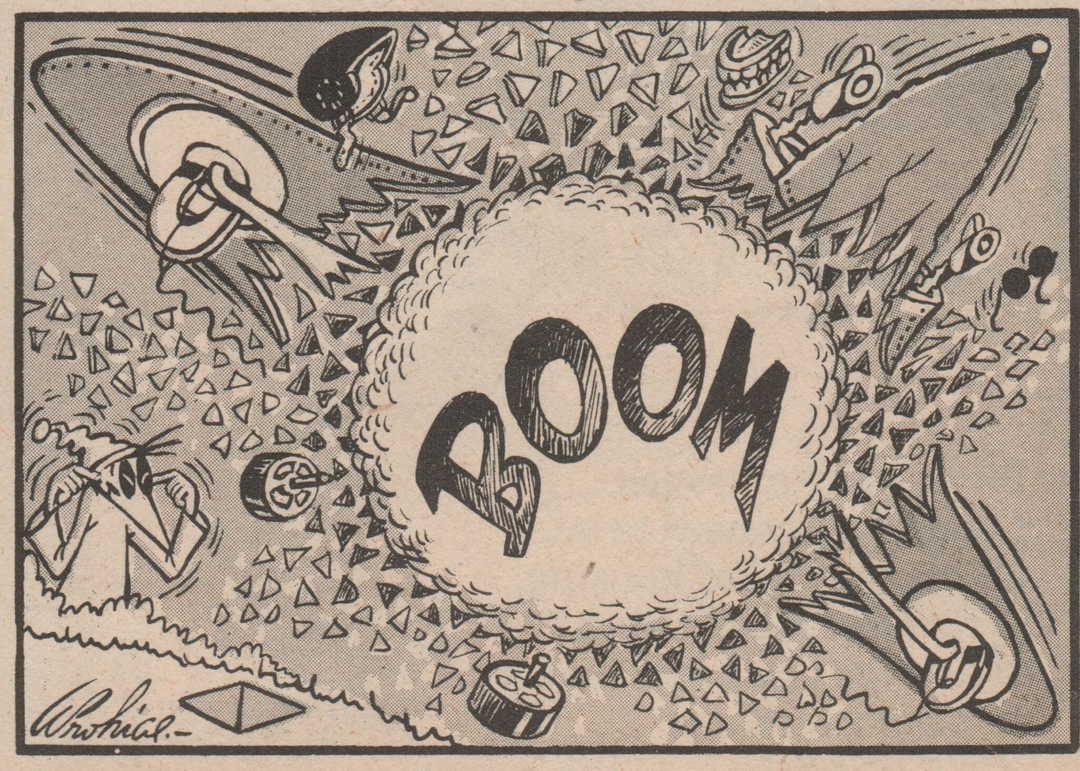







CLICK
CLICK



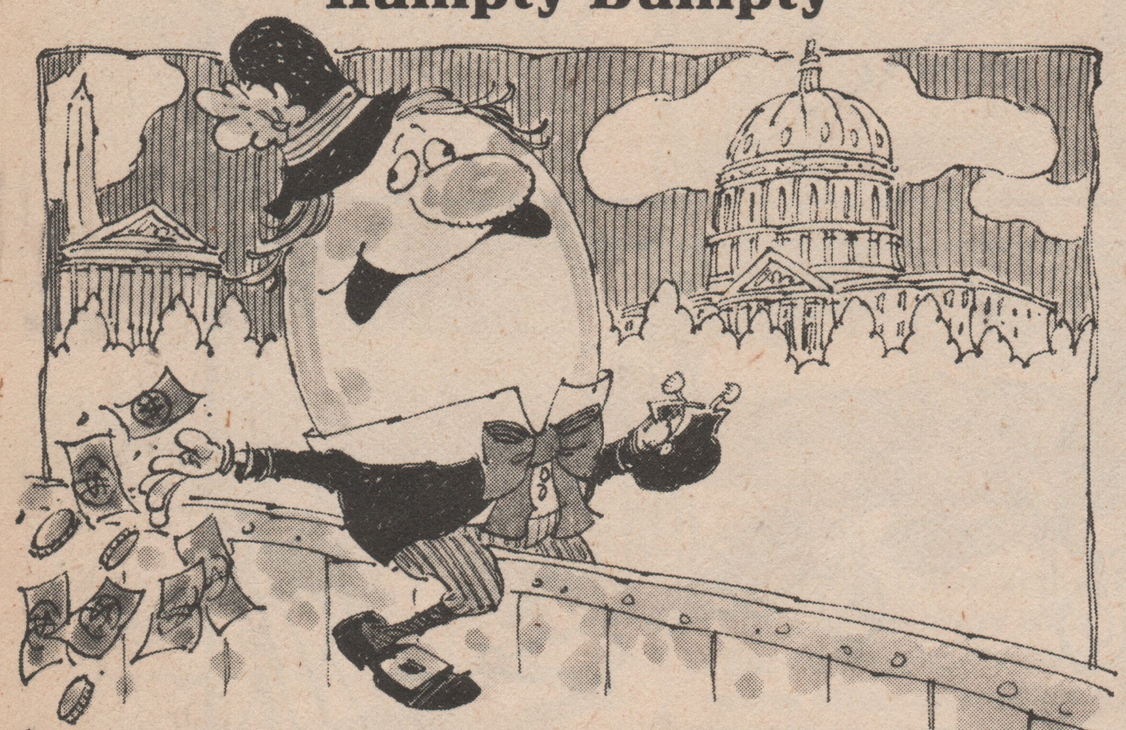

BOOM

VERSE OF THE PEOPLE DEPT.

What's going on in Nursery Land these days? Well, Tom, Tom the Piper's Son is stuffing ballot boxes, and Jack and Mrs. Sprat are splitting their votes between the Democrats and G.O.P. In other words, it's voting time for Solomon Grundy and his friends, which is our way of introducing . . .

MAD'S

Humpty Dumpty

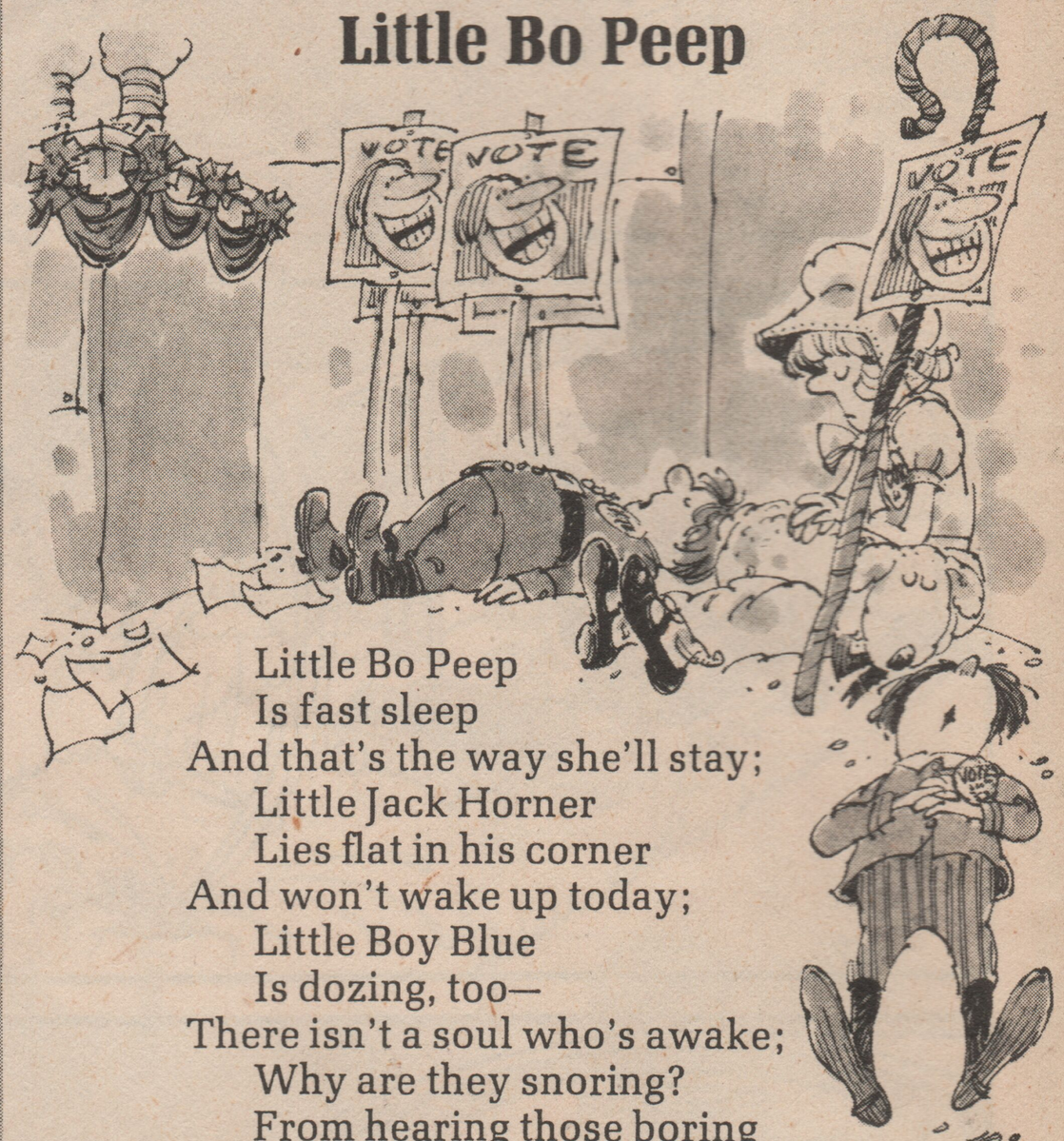


Humpty Dumpty made an address;
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend less!"
All the conservative voters agreed
That Humpty in office was sure to succeed.

Humpty Dumpty spoke to the poor;
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend more!"
All of the liberal voters concurred
That Humpty by far was the one they preferred.

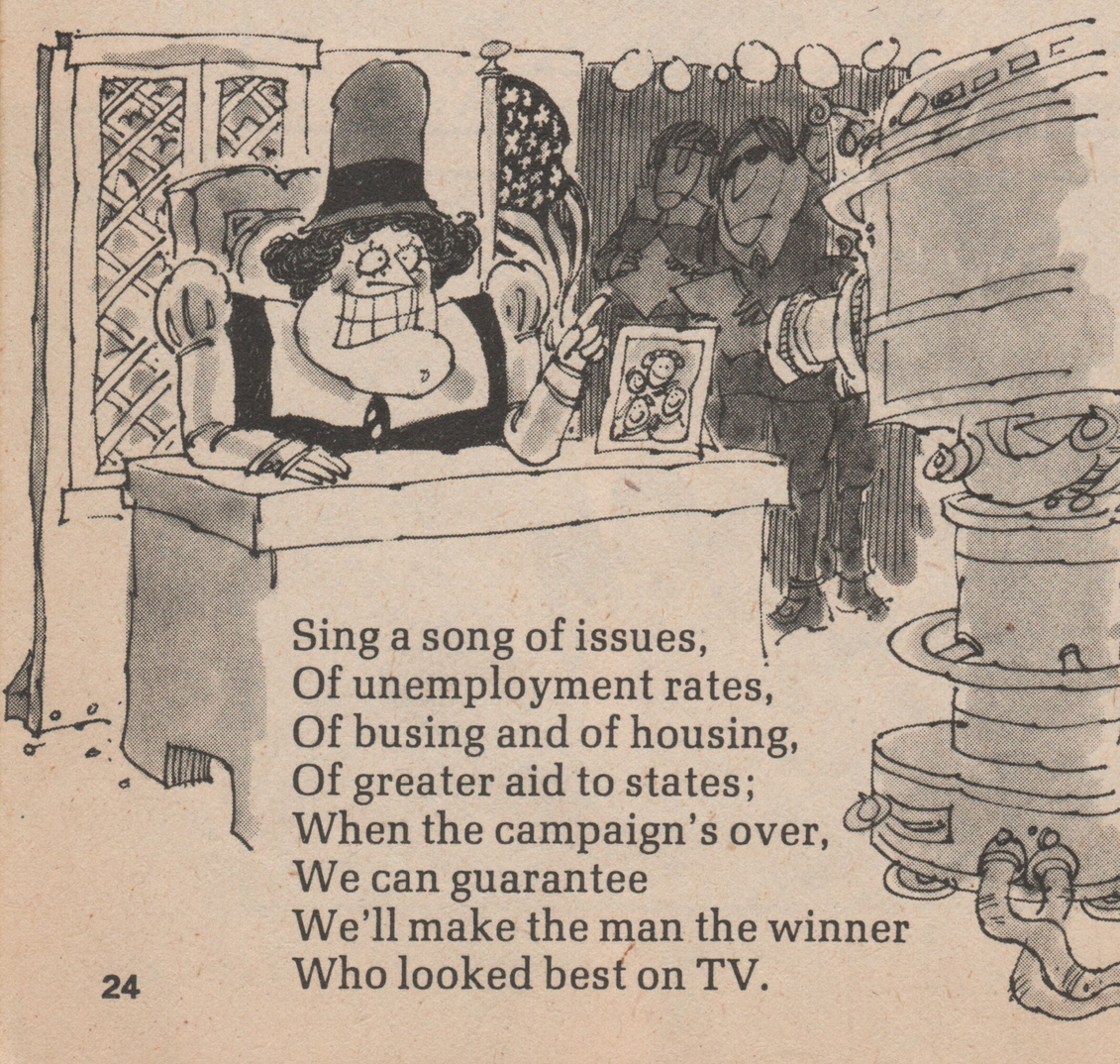
Humpty Dumpty stays on the fence;
Humpty Dumpty knows this makes sense;
He'll win all the voters up North and down South
By making full use of both sides of his mouth.

Little Bo Peep



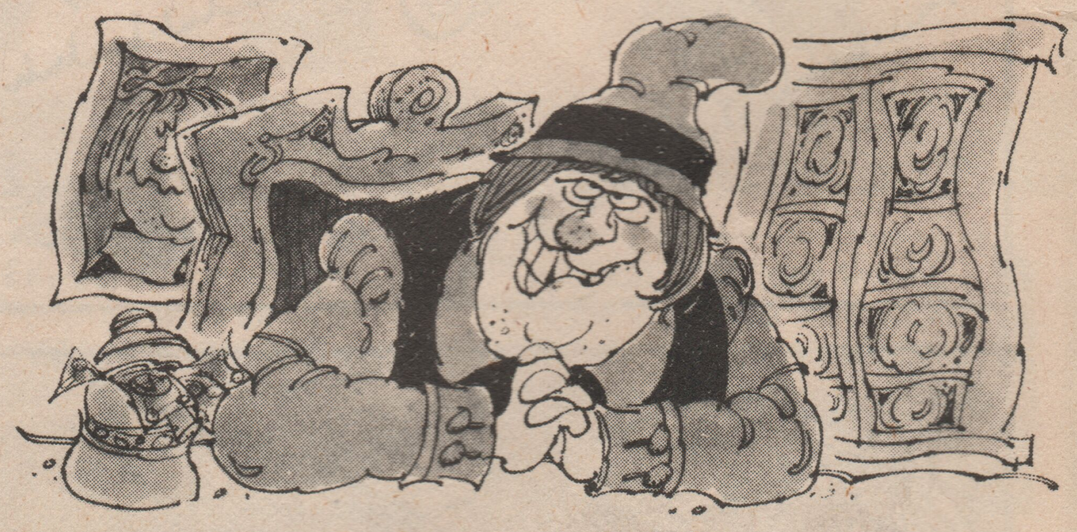
Little Bo Peep
Is fast sleep
And that's the way she'll stay;
Little Jack Horner
Lies flat in his corner
And won't wake up today;
Little Boy Blue
Is dozing, too—
There isn't a soul who's awake;
Why are they snoring?
From hearing those boring
Long speeches their candidates make.

Sing a Song of Issues



Sing a song of issues,
Of unemployment rates,
Of busing and of housing,
Of greater aid to states;
When the campaign's over,
We can guarantee
We'll make the man the winner
Who looked best on TV.

The Crooked Man



There was a crooked man,
And he had a crooked laugh,
And he ran a crooked office,
And he hired a crooked staff.

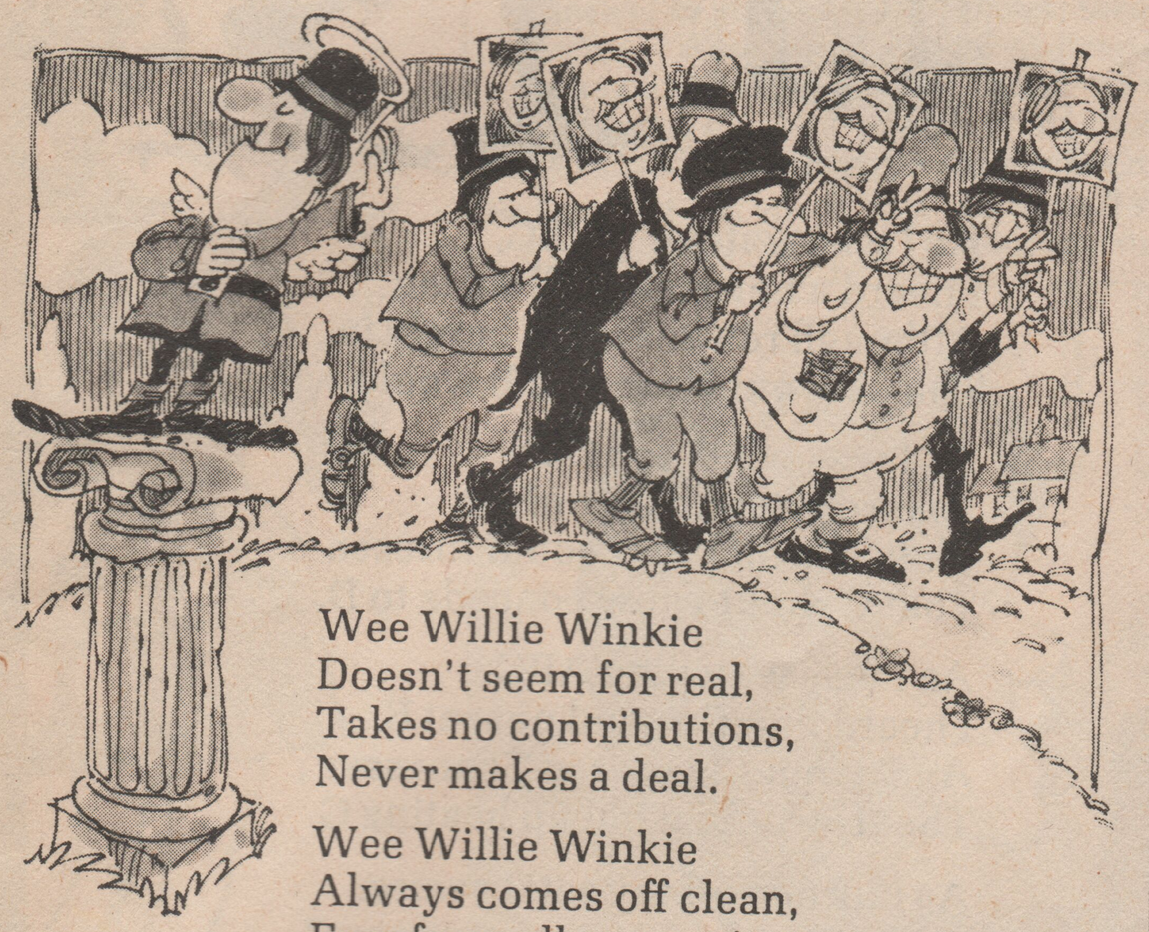
He served a crooked term,
And he did a crooked job,
And he rammed through crooked bills
For a crooked local mob.

Why back the crooked man
When his crooked ways you see?
Because the rival candidate
Is crookeder than he.

ELECTION-YEAR MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Wee Willie Winkie



Wee Willie Winkie
Doesn't seem for real,
Takes no contributions,
Never makes a deal.

Wee Willie Winkie
Always comes off clean,
Free from all corruption,
Owned by no machine.

Wee Willie Winkie
Rids himself of sin;
Maybe that's why Willie
Never seems to win.

Jack and Phil



Jack and Phil
Work on the Hill;
Two Senators are they;
But they pursue
The work they do
In quite a diff'rent way.

Jack's a slob
Who muffs his job,
While Phil achieves perfection;
It should be clear
Which one this year
Is up for re-election.

Harry is a Congressman



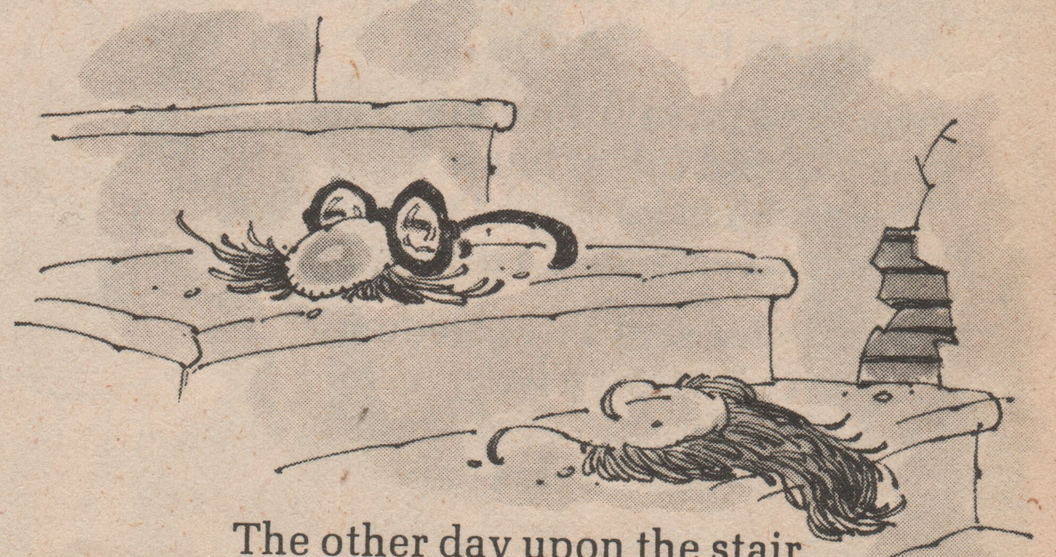
Harry is a Congressman
In Washington, D.C.,
And in his spacious office there
You'll meet his fam-i-ly.

His brother is his right-hand man
(he's never worked before);
His father gets 12 grand a year
(he's paid to shut the door).

His wife works as his filing clerk
(she cannot read or write);
His daughter mans the telephone
(a chimp is twice as bright).

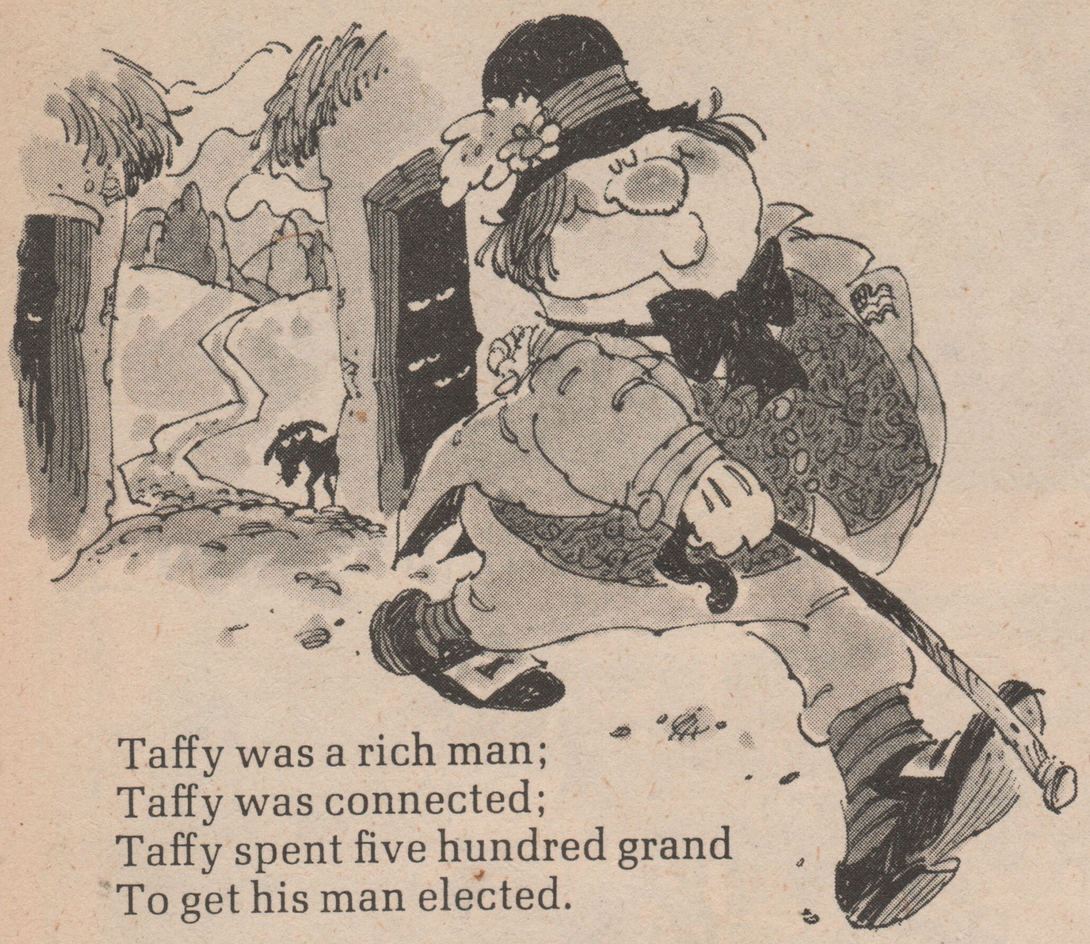
Today when unemployment's high
And folks can't pay their rents,
How nice to know one fam-i-ly's
Found work—at our expense.

The Other Day Upon the Stair



The other day upon the stair
I saw a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again today;
I think he's from the C.I.A.

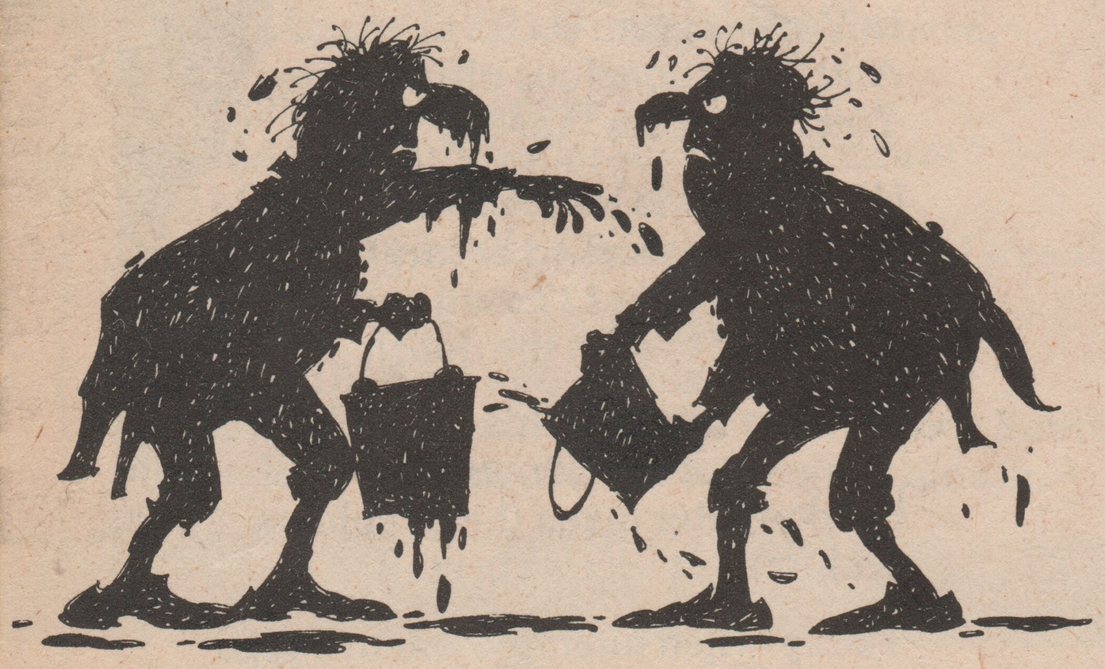
Taffy Was a Rich Man



Taffy was a rich man;
Taffy was connected;
Taffy spent five hundred grand
To get his man elected.

Taffy's now Ambassador
And struts around with pride;
Why don't *you* spend five hundred grand
And *you'll* be qualified.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee



Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were running for the House,
When Tweedledum smeared Tweedledee
By calling him a louse.

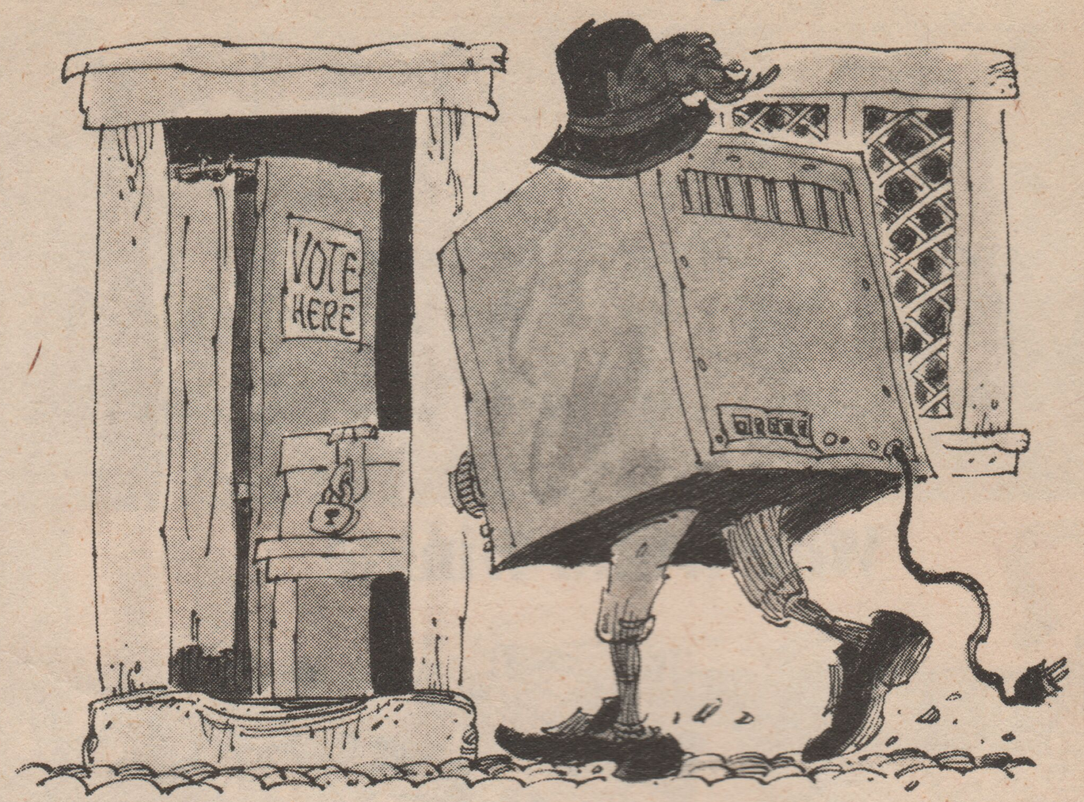
Tweedledee said Tweedledum
Had caused a vicious stink,
Then spread the word that Tweedledum
Was going to a "Shrink."

Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Was vile and full of bunk;
"The problem is," said Tweedledum,
"That Tweedledee's a drunk."

Tweedledee said Tweedledum
Was wrong in ev'ry way,
Then whispered to a columnist
That Tweedledum was gay.

Today I heard that Tweedledee
Was spotted at an orgy;
To hell with both—Election Day
I'll write in Georgie Porgie!

As I Was Watching NBC



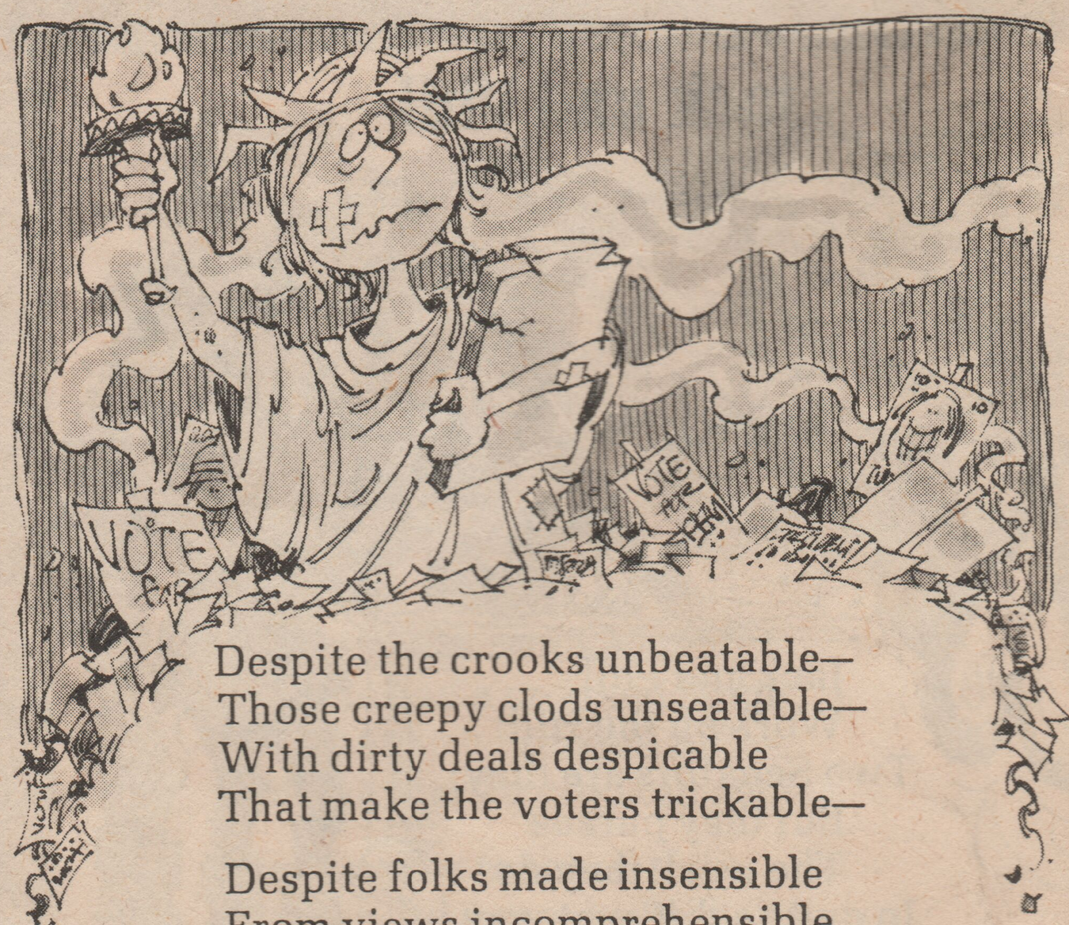
As I was watching NBC,
I heard a newsman telling me
Although returns were barely in
That A would lose and B would win.

As I was watching CBS,
I heard an analyst profess
That his computer could foresee
That C should now concede to D.

As I was watching ABC,
I heard that F would unseat E,
And, from 12 votes in Tennessee ,
That H would wind up beating G.

As I turned off my set, I swore,
"What good are voters anymore?
"We might as well get rid of them
"And leave the vote to IBM."

Despite the Crooks Unbeatable



Despite the crooks unbeatable—
Those creepy clods unseatable—
With dirty deals despicable
That make the voters trickable—

Despite folks made insensible
From views incomprehensible
In speeches unendurable
By party hacks incurable—

Despite campaigns regrettable
With promises forgettable—
Despite the rumors spreadable—
Our system works—Incredible!

Let's stick to the subject of **packaging . . .**

This **is** packaging! I've got an expensive hair piece, capped teeth, the works!

I mean some of your **successful** attempts!

Well, our work with the razor blade people has been **sharp!** Only one blade can be used at a time, but how many can be **bought** at a time? **Five, ten, twenty** . . . welcome to the **Wonderful World of Multi-Pak!**

It **appears** to be an advantage to the **consumer!**

Appears is my middle name! The Multi-Pak allows us to sandwich **second-rate blades** between the **first-rate blades!** If the **first** and **last** shaves are smooth, the consumer forgets **everything in-between!**

I think it's just dreadful that you channel all your **energies . . .**

Energy! That's where it's **at** today! Everything is **battery operated!** Profit, thy name is **Multi-Pak!** Look at this winner—our best-selling 3-pak!

Is it the **best deal** for the money?

The **worst!** Most gadgets that operate on this sized battery need either 2 or 4 batteries to run it! By packaging them only in sets of three, well, you can see what it means!

They can save the extra and . . .

Dead before they ever get to use it! It's **"3-pak time"** again!

Another miracle of modern packaging, the blister pak! Let's watch that man try to open one . . .

It looks **difficult!**

Wrong—**impossible!**

You sound as if you're **pleased . . .**

Of course! It was **my idea!** The customer gets so frustrated, he has to buy **aspirin!**

And you just happen to package **that,** too!

Considering who you are, you're pretty **smart!** Yes, aspirin **is** another winner for me! The **"child proof"** protection cap was an inspiration!

You mean because children can't open it?

I take back what I said, dummy! No, because **adults** can't open it, either! **More** headaches!

Which means, of course more **sales!**

I take back what I just took back!

Welcome to the **Wonderful World** of **Disposables!** When you don't need it anymore—you get rid of it!

How did you arrive at that idea?

By observing how people in ad agencies treat their business associates!



Chauvinistically speaking, packaging for men is **small potatoes!** Packaging for **women**—that's where the **fun is!** See that woman looking at those steaks?

She seems to like what she sees . . .

It's what she **doesn't** see that brings in the profits!



You think they're gonna show the side with all the **fat, gristle** and **greenish color?**



Isn't there some talk that feeding meat wrapped in this kind of plastic causes cancer in **rats?**

If you're rich enough to feed your rats **meat,** you're rich enough not to worry about what **happens** to them!

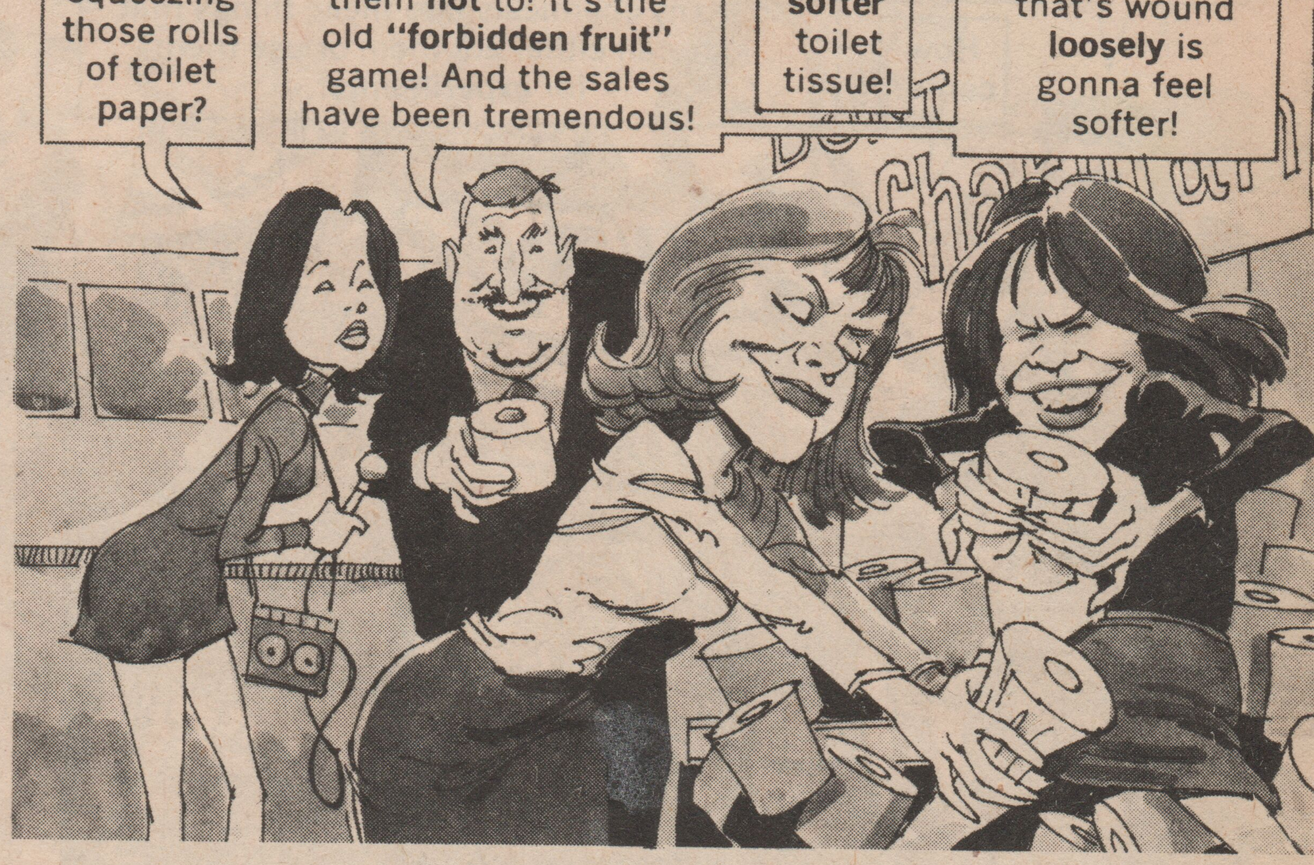


Why are those women squeezing those rolls of toilet paper?

Because of the big ad campaign telling them **not** to! It's the old **"forbidden fruit"** game! And the sales have been tremendous!

I guess people prefer **softer** toilet tissue!

Don't be a ninny! **Tissue is tissue!** Anything that's wound **loosely** is gonna feel softer!



Another example of where the public is buying **air?**

Exactly! And if they don't like it, they know what they can do with it! Come to think of it, that's what they do do with it whether they like it or not!



How about that woman **weighing** those packages of paper towels! One obviously weighs more than the other! Is that **another** case of "air"?

No, one really **does** weigh more than the other!

Well, I'm glad to see **one** case of **honest . . .**

Honest, shmonest! The **cardboard tube** in the center **weighs more!**



Look at **this** beautiful package. Doesn't that dish look **scrumptious?**

Is that what's on the **inside** of the package?

How old are you? What's in the package is a clump of soggy vegetables held together by ice! The picture only **suggests** what to do with the contents!

I see! In other words, the housewife can use the vegetables as the basic ingredients in a gourmet dish!

Sure, if she also happens to be a French Chef!





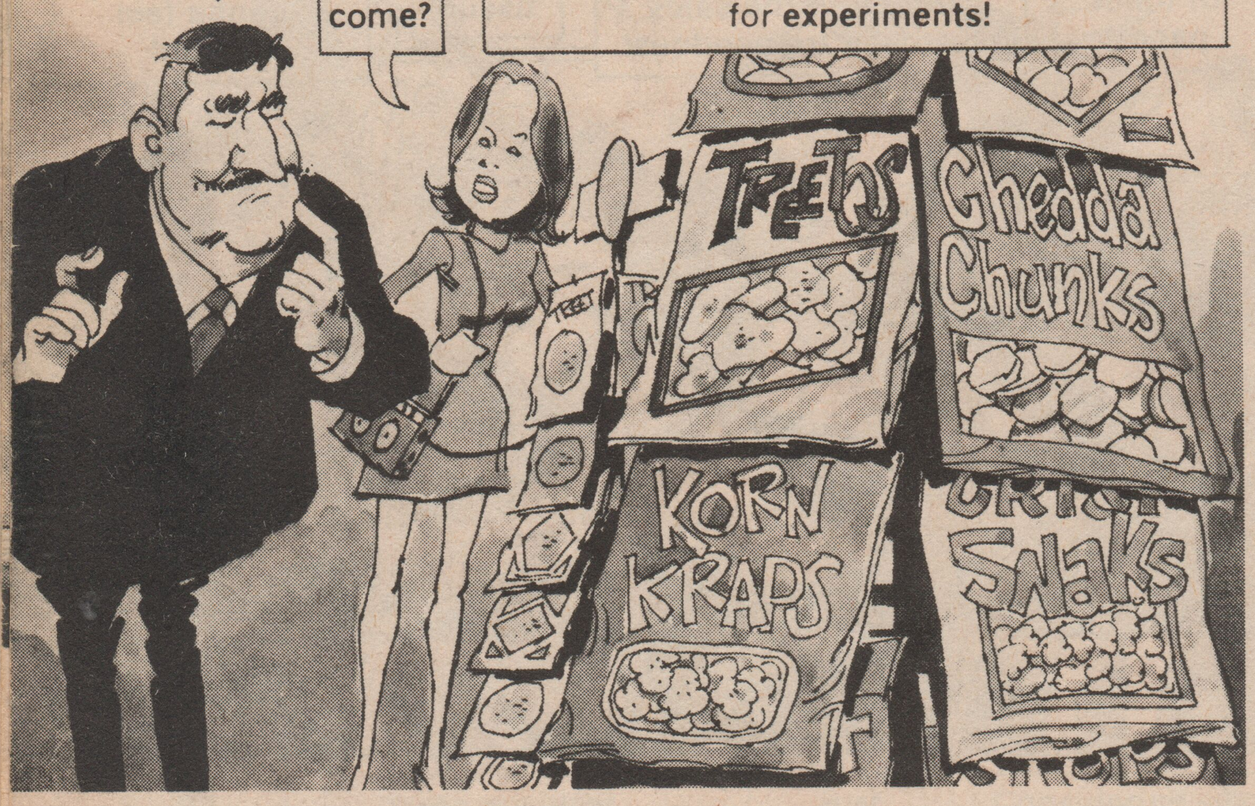
Snack food is a tribute to modern packaging!

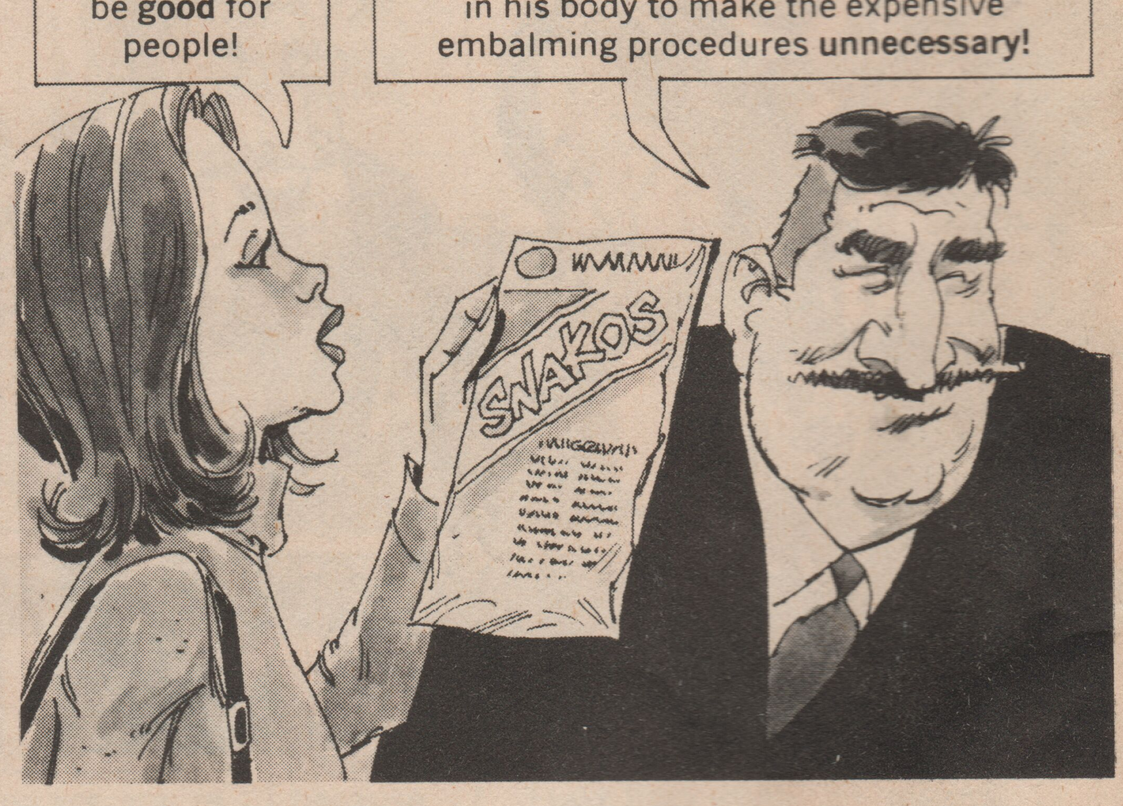
How come?

We take surplus corn, potatoes and cheese that sells for 25c a pound, package it, and sell it for 95c a half pound! Then we pump so many chemicals into these things that kids can either **eat** them or use them for **experiments!**

I see what you mean! Look at this list of **preservatives!** It can't possibly be **good** for people!

Not **now,** perhaps, but **later** it saves them big money! Figuring on an average of two of these packages a week, by the time the consumer dies, he'll have enough preservatives in his body to make the expensive embalming procedures **unnecessary!**





Seasonal packaging also plays a big part in high profits. Candy manufacturers, for example, use the opportunity to dump a lot of stale stuff that didn't sell the rest of the year by dressing it up in **"Trick or Treat Paks"** at Halloween!

How do they get away with **that?**

Easy—the adults think it must be fresh 'cause it says **"Special for Halloween,"** and they give it out as treats! Once the kids taste the stuff, they think it's a trick! It's all in keeping wih the **Halloween spirit!**

Part of the fun in this business is finding **additional uses** for products! Like this **baking soda!** We tell people to place an open box in their refrigerators!

Oh, I've seen those ads. The baking soda is supposed to guard against **bad odors!**

Right! And when they want to **bake,** they end up buying **two** boxes!

You mean because they forgot about the one in the refrigerator?

Correct! No American housewife ever knows what's in her refrigerator! Besides, even if she **does** remember, who's gonna use that stuff for baking after it's trapped all those lousy smells.

And now, the **coup de grace! Le gran finale!** The **spray can!** The wonderful, beautiful, glorious spray can!

But isn't the gas used in spray cans **harmful?** Scientists claim it will affect the atmospheric layers that protect us from the sun's rays and . . .

What do **scientists** know? Didn't they once say the world was **flat!**

Yes, but then they agreed it was **round!**

If they can change their minds about the **world,** they can change their minds about **spray cans!**

It's amazing—just by **dressing up** a product, you can get people to buy it no matter how foolish or useless or dopey it is! What a **sad commentary** on the American people!

If you think that's sad, wait'll you see the big nothing we're packaging for the public to buy in **November** . . .

FOR PRESIDENT

CLICHE IT AGAIN, SAM! DEPT.

HAS ANYBODY EVE

PHOTO RESEARCH BY: JERRY DE FUCCIO

A DRUNK IN A NIGHTCLUB TELL THEM TO



OR A RAGGED BEGGER

INTO A ROOM AND SAY



OR A BARTENDER SHOUT



OR AN UNSUCCESSFUL INVENTOR SAY



OR A POLICEMAN CALL

LAUNDRYMAN SAY



OR A COACH TELL A TEAM



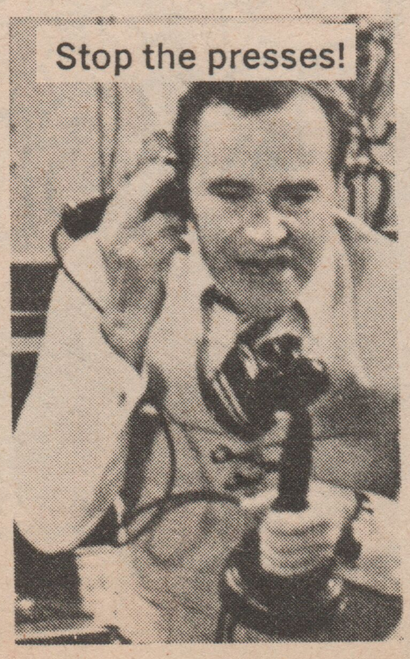
O

OR A TRAFFIC COP ASK A SPEEDER

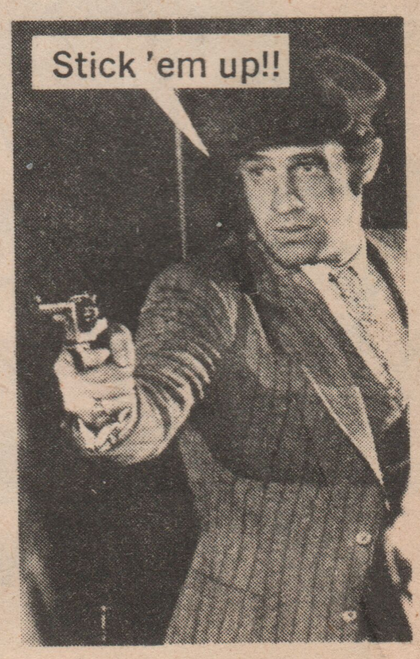


OR A GUY COME ON WITH

EDITOR YELL



OR A MUGGER WITH A GUN SAY



O



R REALLY HEARD...

WRITER: LARRY SHARP



ASK OR A NEWSCASTER SAY

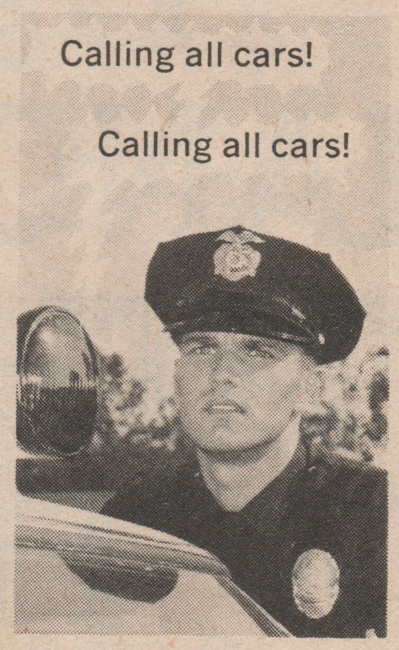


OR SOMEONE BOUND





OR A LUMBERJACK YELL OR A POLICE RADIO BLARE





OUT OR A TRAINED PARROT SQUAWK



OR A CHINESE

R A PHOTOGRAPHER SAY



OR A STAR IN A FLOP SAY





OR A SEXY FRENCH LADY SHOUT



OR A NEWSPAPER



R SOMEONE SAY TO A CAB DRIVER OR ANYONE SAY

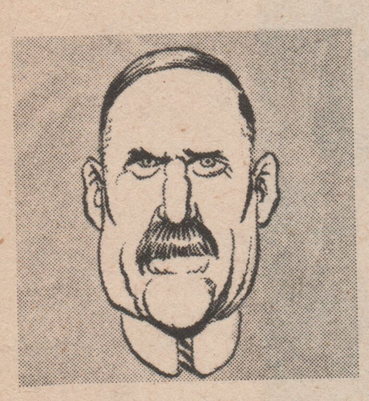


THE ERA OF OUR WAYS DEPT.

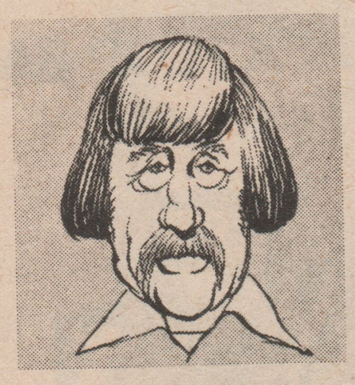
In the beginning, Adam and Eve had two sons, Cain and Abel . . . and thus formed the world's first family. And from them, Mankind received a wonderful Legacy and a Code of Living that has served families for generations, namely: (a) Don't talk to snakes! . . . and (b) If your brother bugs you, hit him with a rock! But if some things remain the same, others change—particularly in the U.S. in the 20th century. So join us now as MAD Magazine examines . . .

THE CHANGING ATTITUDES OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



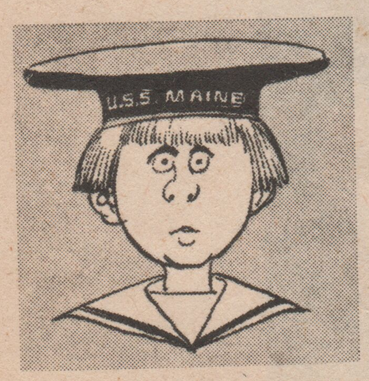


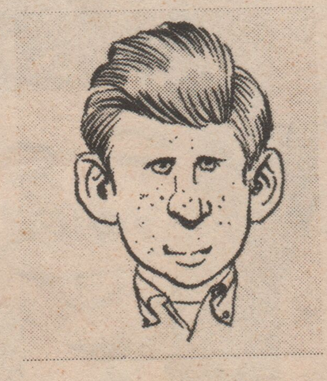














. . . FROM THE EARLY 1900'S

. . . THROUGH THE MIDDLE 1900'S

. . . RIGHT ON UP TO TODAY

SEX

EARLY 1900'S

During this period, hardly anyone in the family ever discussed the subject of Sex.



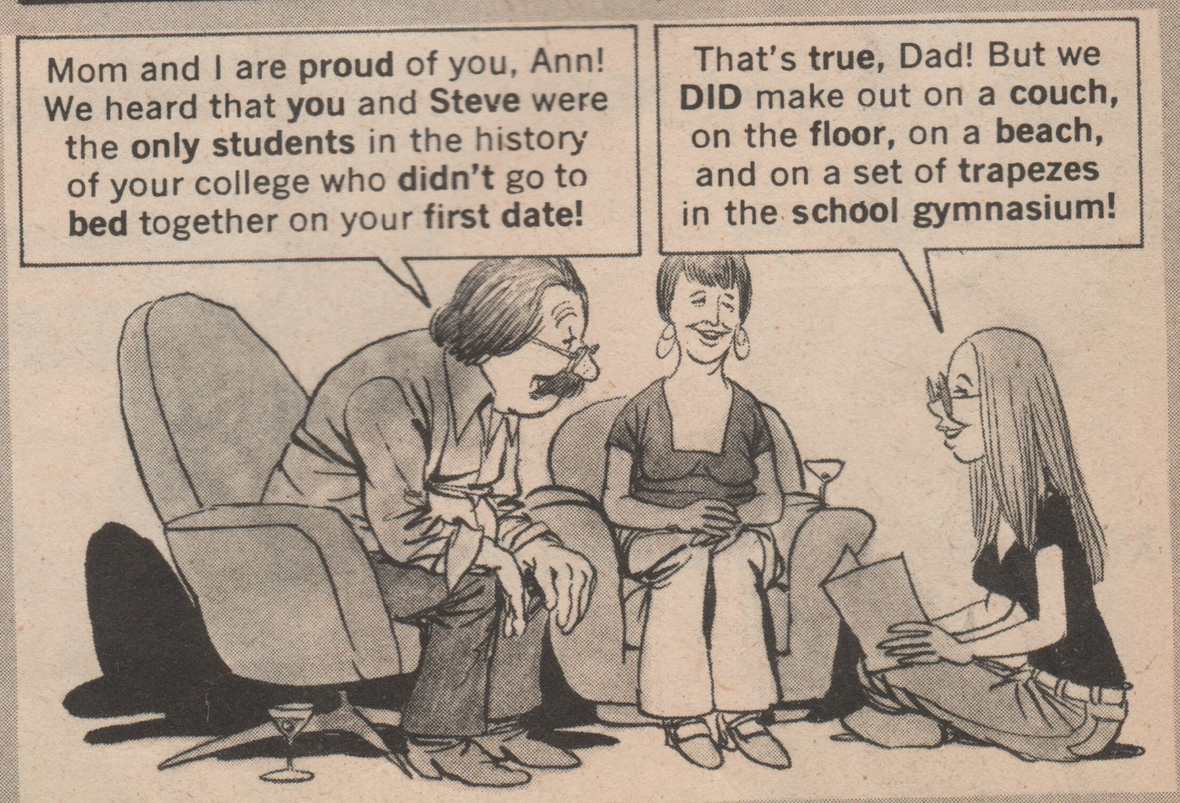
MIDDLE 1900'S

Then, people talked about Sex. There was only one problem: They had it all wrong!



. . . AND TODAY

Nowadays, of course, everybody talks about Sex, everybody knows about it, and practically everybody's doing it.



RELIGION

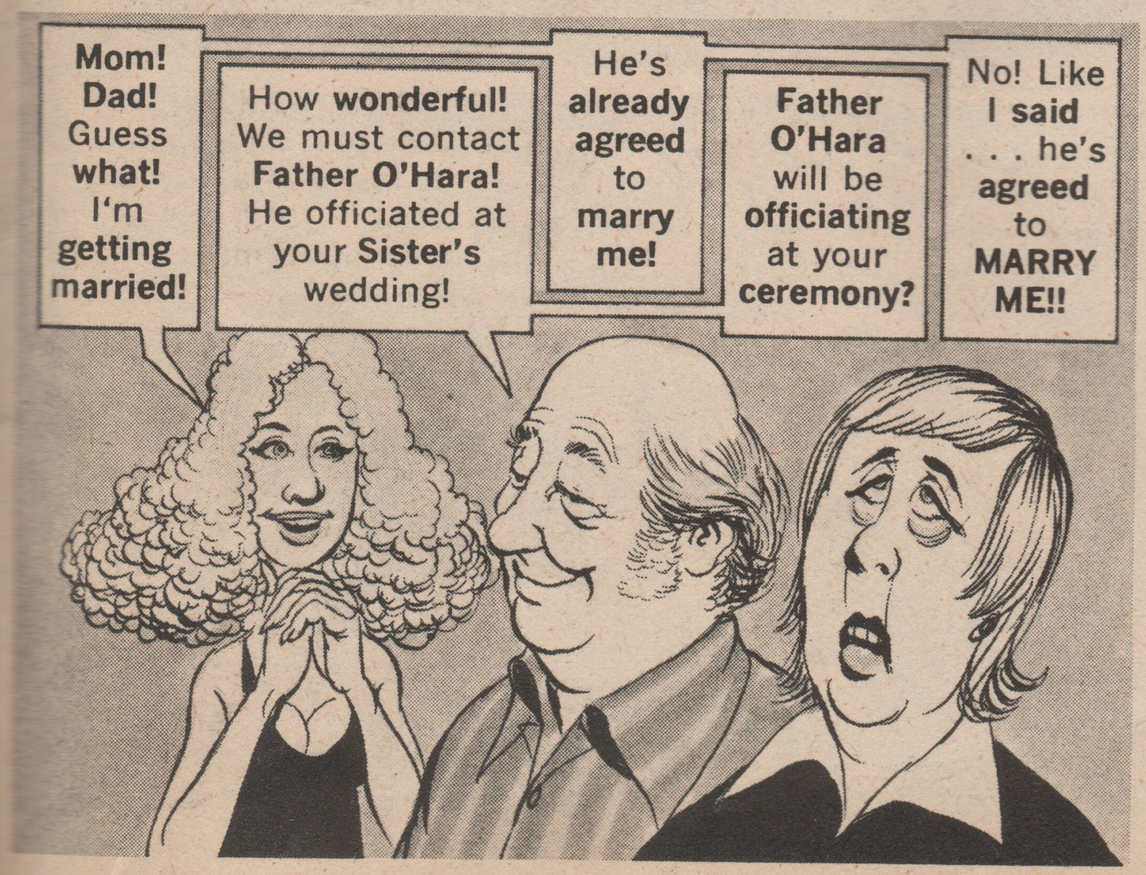
EARLY 1900'S During this period, just about everybody went to Church...



MIDDLE 1900'S Then, people weren't going to Church quite as often as before. And even when they DID go, some weird things were happening...



...AND TODAY If you can believe it...nowadays, even WEIRDER things are happening!

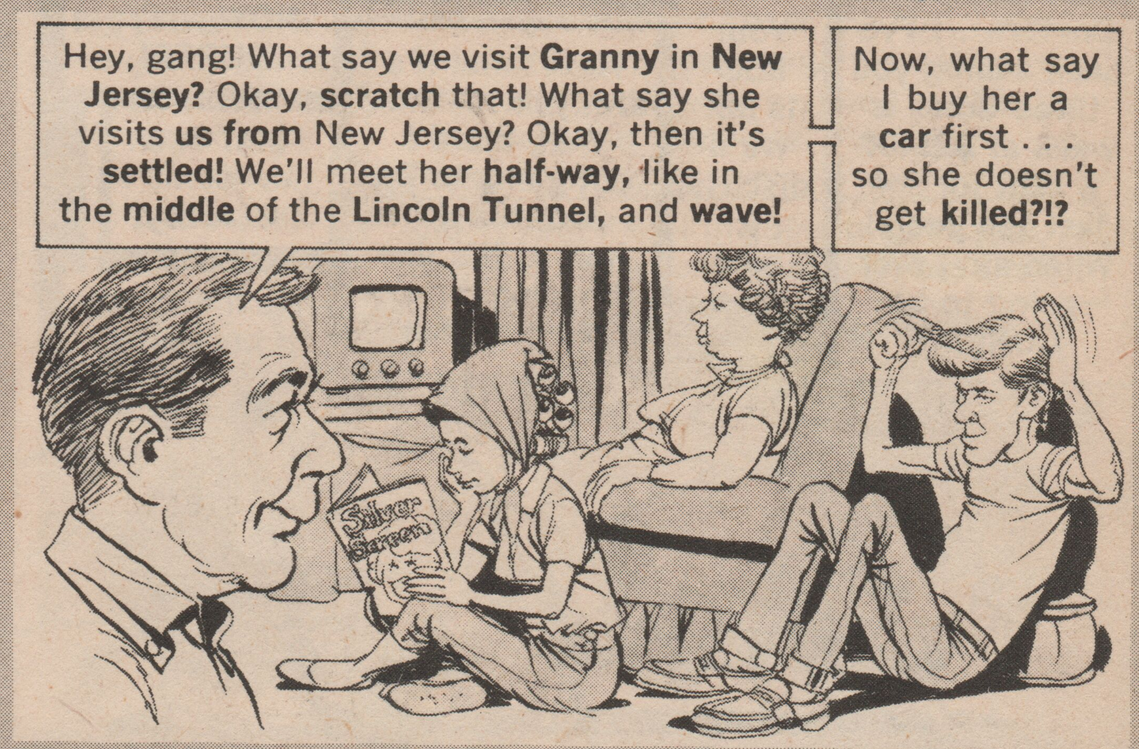


RESPECT

EARLY 1900'S In this period, the Family was ruled by a dictatorial, powerfully built, strong masculine presence—the American Father.



MIDDLE 1900'S With a growing permissiveness and independence within the Family structure, the Father, in an effort to be fair, no longer commanded. Now, he asked. The only trouble was...nobody answered.

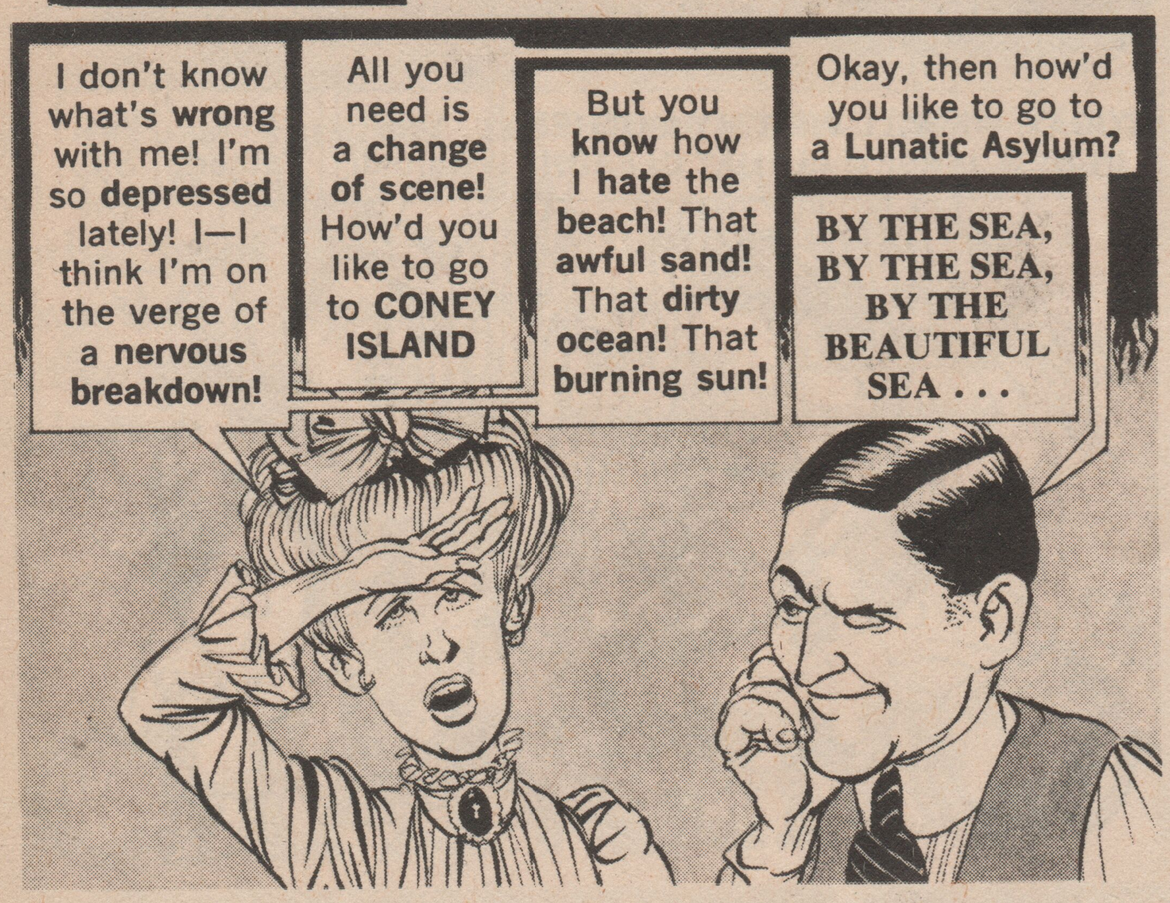


...AND TODAY Nowadays, in a sense, we have returned to some old fashioned values. Once again, the Family is ruled by a dictatorial, powerfully built, strong masculine presence, mainly the American Mother!

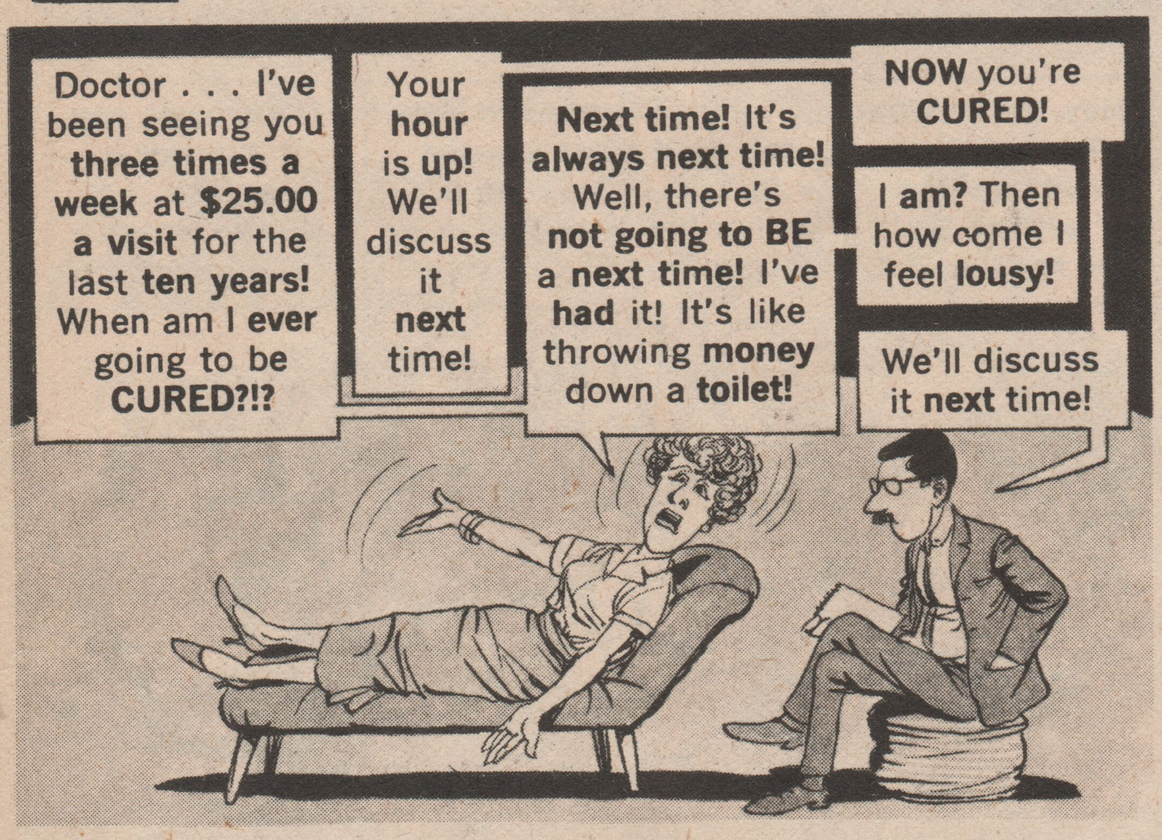


MENTAL PROBLEMS

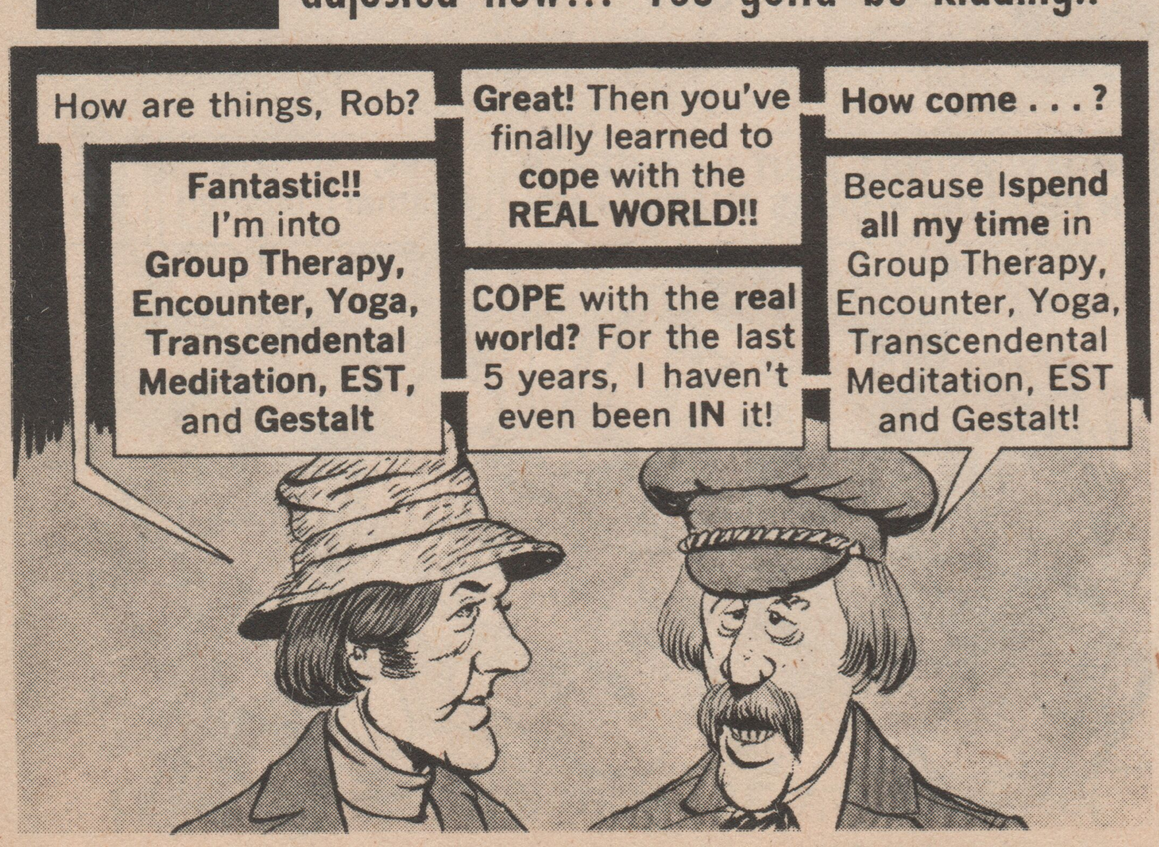
EARLY 1900'S During this period, there was a very simple way to treat mental problems.



MIDDLE 1900'S Folks were more realistic about Mental Health. Psychoanalysis was popular, and people were a lot richer for it. Mainly, the Psychiatrists.

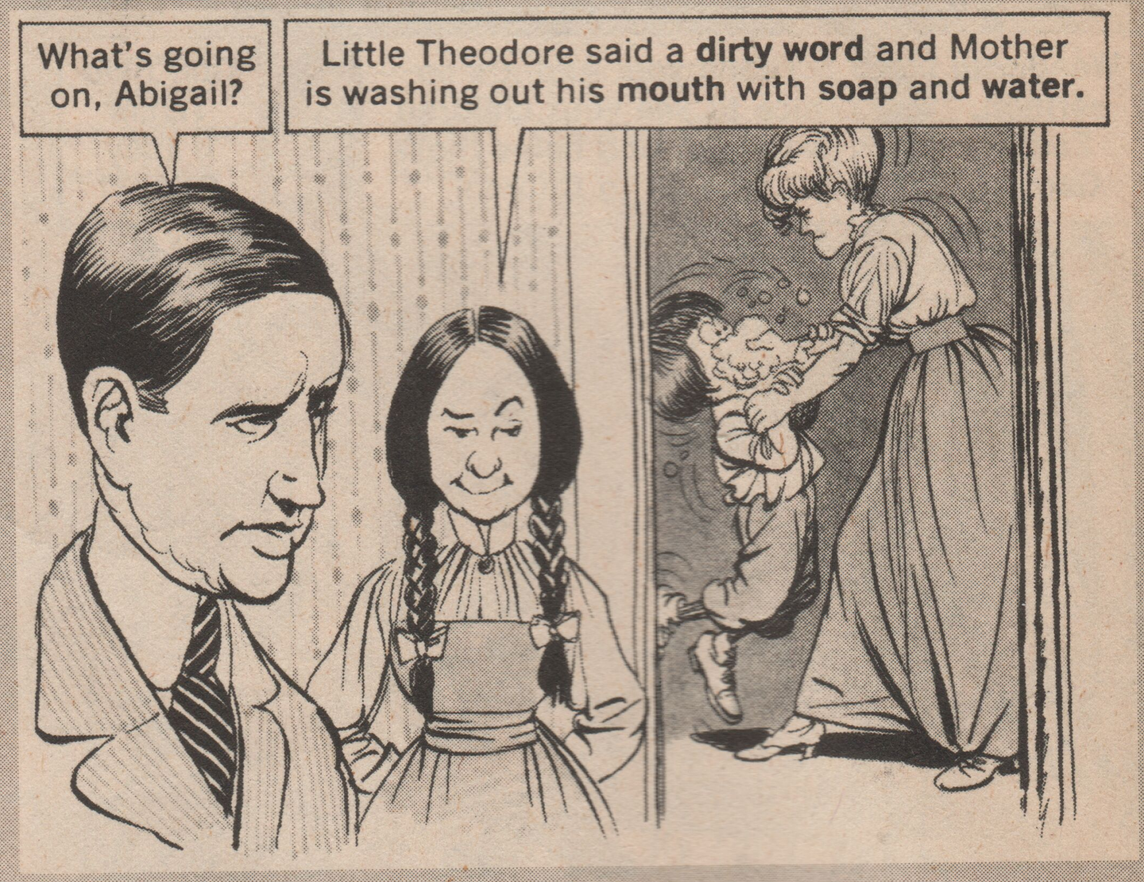


...AND TODAY Nowadays, Psychiatry is gradually being phased out. Because people are better adjusted now?!? You gotta be kidding!!

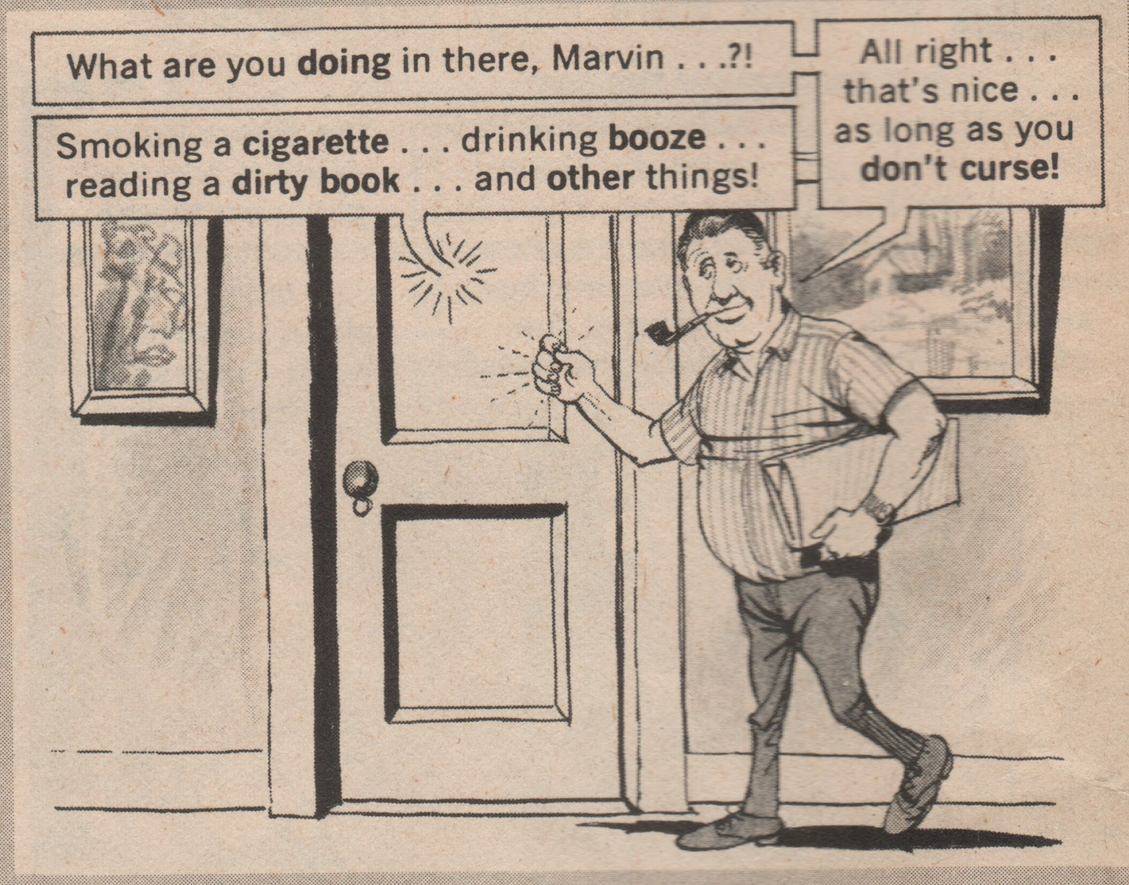


PROFANITY

EARLY 1900'S In those days, very few kids used Profanity. And if they ever did, the roof would fall in.



MIDDLE 1900'S Then, ALL kids were using Profanity, except they'd never dare use it around the house...



...AND TODAY Nowadays, it isn't even worth discussing...

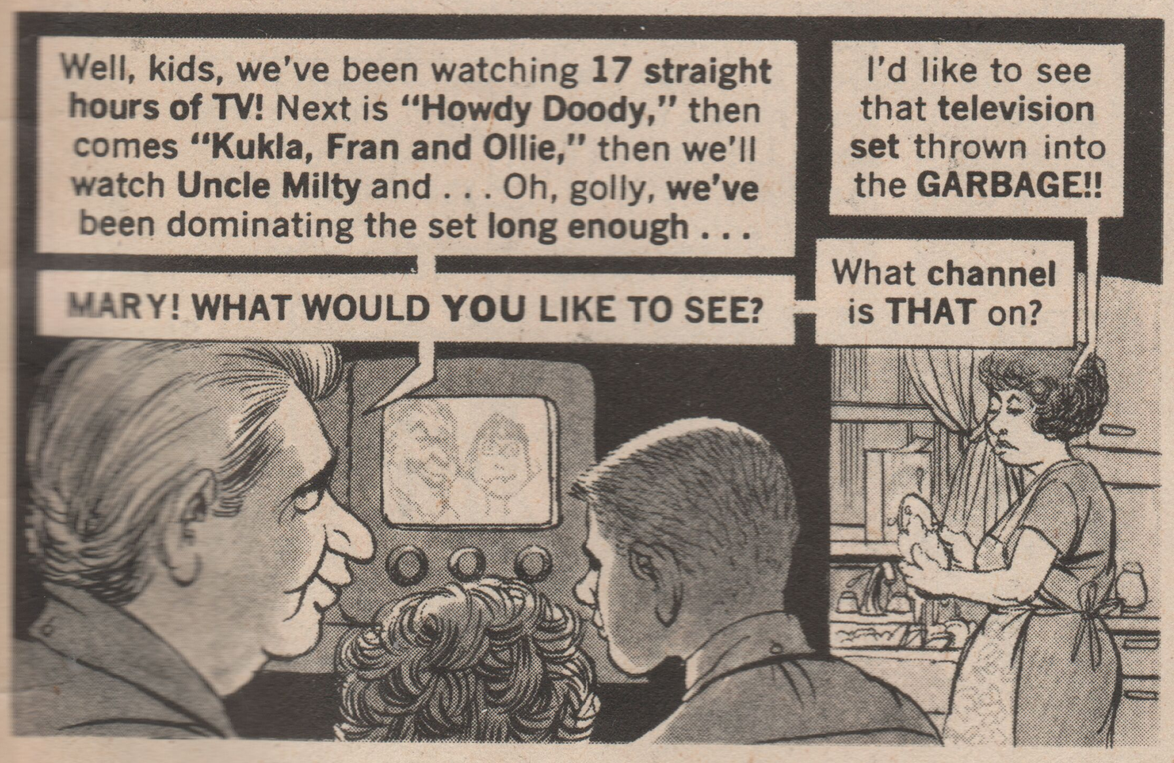


LEISURE TIME

EARLY 1900'S In this period, families used to gather together in the living room and have all kinds of fun among themselves...



MIDDLE 1900'S With the advent of television, families gathered in the living room, but they were so engrossed in the tiny 7-inch screen that they hardly paid any attention to each other...or anything else.

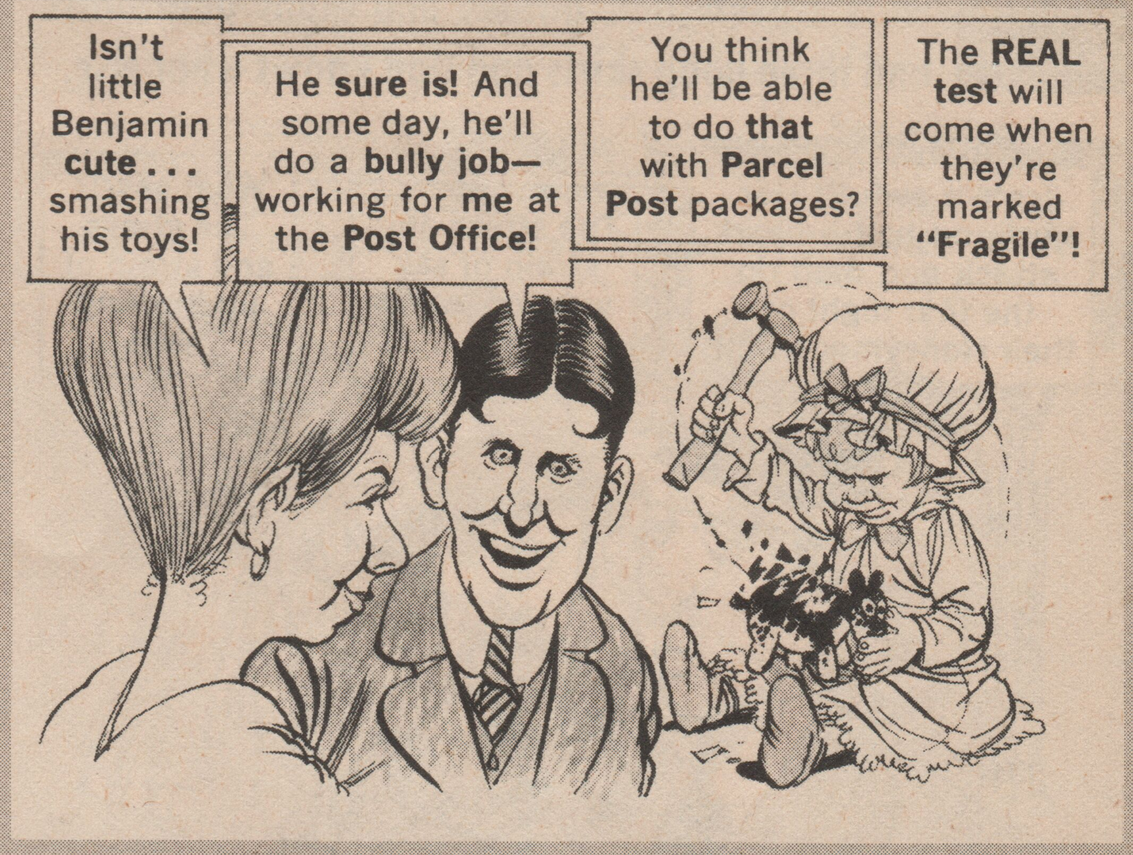


...AND TODAY Once again, as in the good old days, families are gathering in living rooms and having fun among themselves. There's only one problem: Sometimes, the families are a little mixed up.

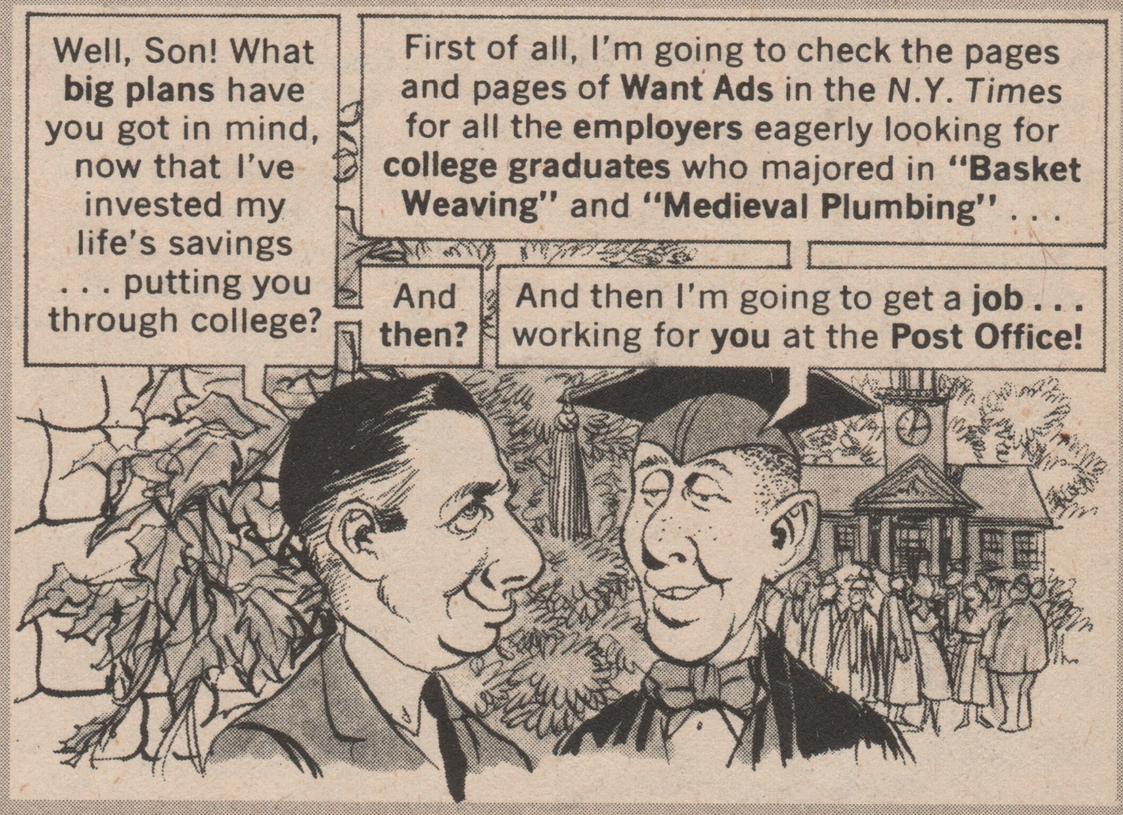


CAREERS

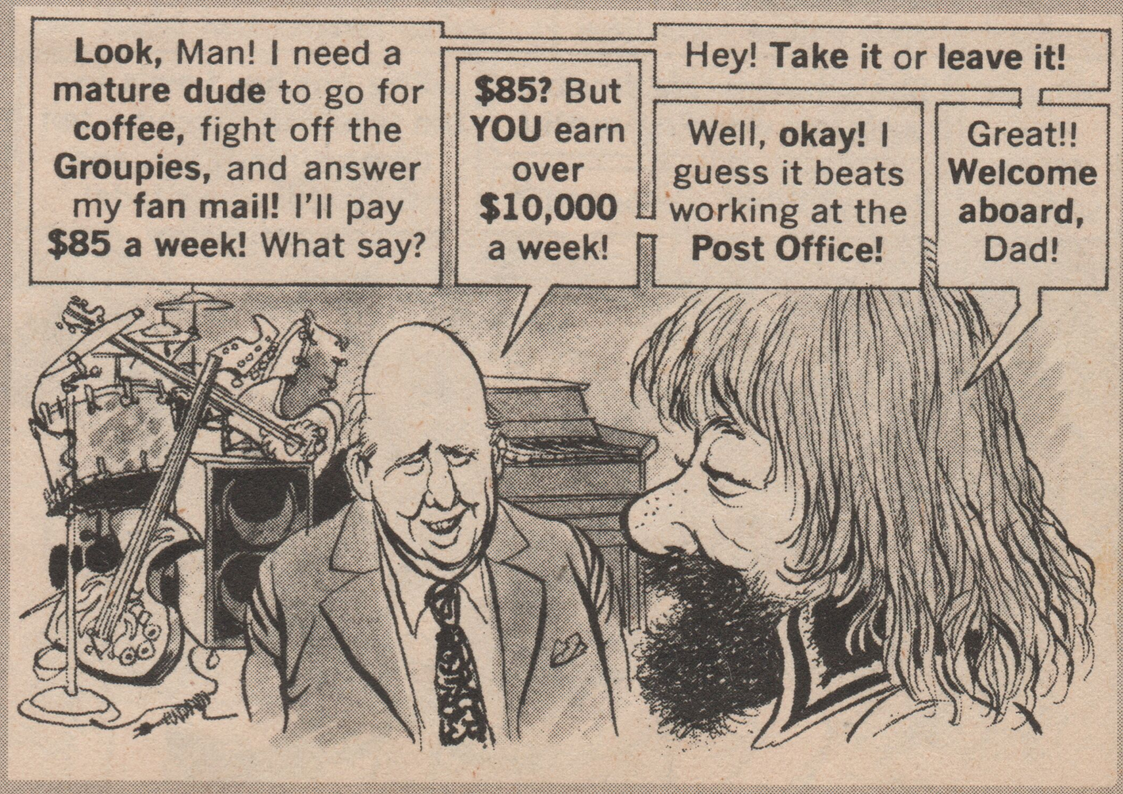
EARLY 1900'S In those days, most boys' Careers were planned long in advance...usually by their Fathers...



MIDDLE 1900'S With the GI Bill of Rights after World War II, and a booming economy, many boys were able to go to college and to choose their own Careers.



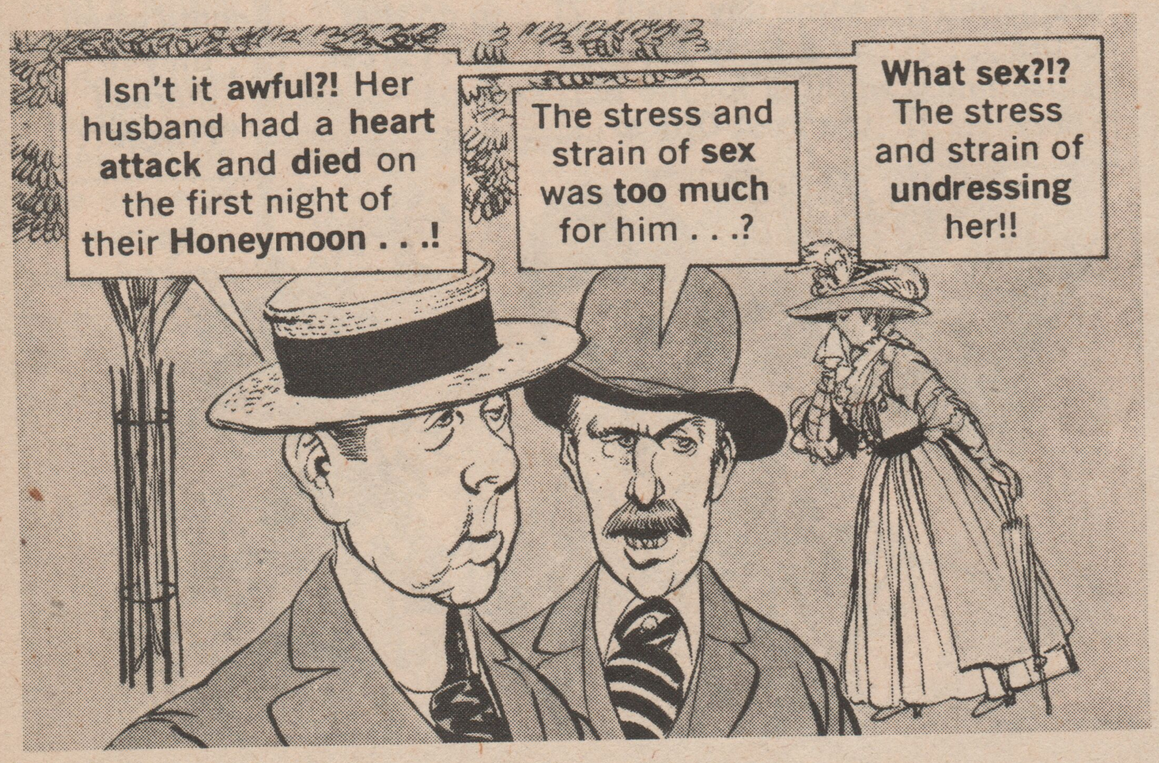
...AND TODAY With the Rock Music Industry where it is today, many young people have no problem at all with their Careers. But hiring good help is tough.



DRESS

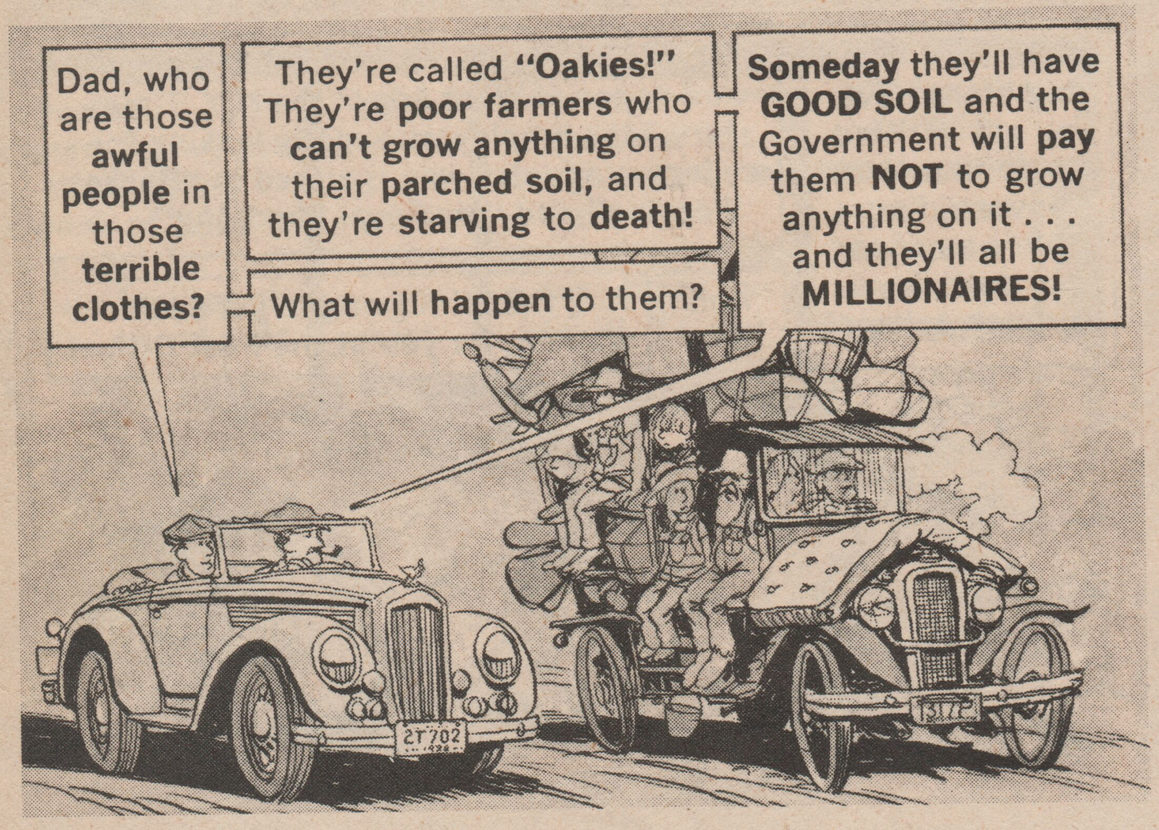
EARLY 1900'S

In those days, most people dressed very fancy and wore tons of clothes. For instance, women wore corsets and girdles and eight petticoats and three hoop skirts and God knows what else.



MIDDLE 1900'S

In the Great Depression, most people couldn't afford fancy clothes even if they wanted them. In fact, one third of the nation was in rags.



...AND TODAY

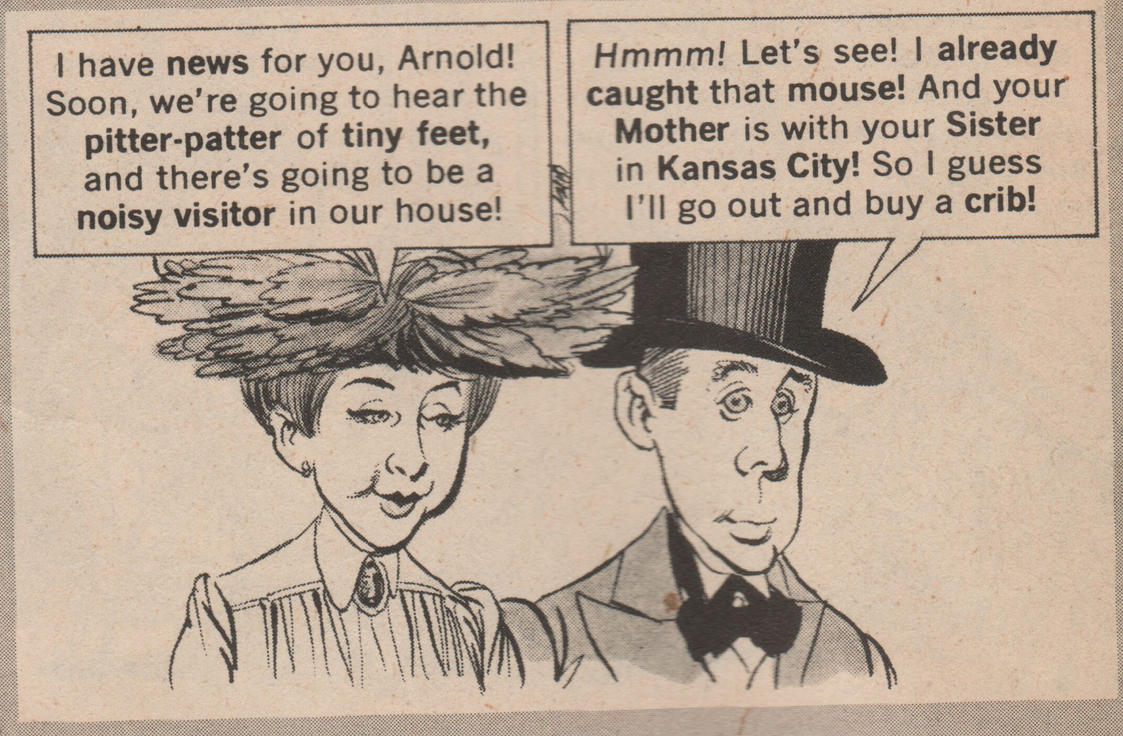
We've got problems today, but there's still a lot of affluence in the land. So how come now everybody dresses like "Oakies" all the time?!



PREGNANCY

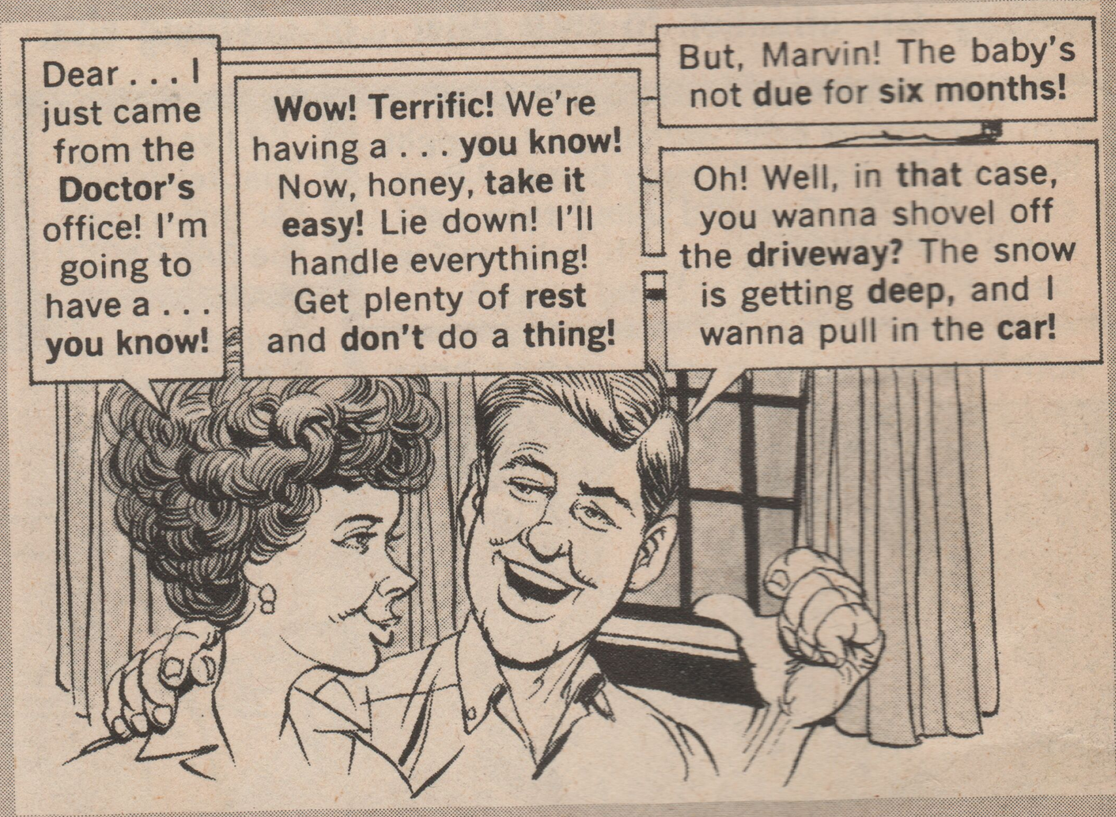
EARLY 1900'S

In keeping with the Victorian approach toward sex, whenever a woman learned that she was Pregnant, she'd never come right out and say it. Instead, she'd throw little hints around.



MIDDLE 1900'S

Then, while a husband and wife were still coy about the subject of Pregnancy, at least they acknowledged what they were fumfering about.



...AND TODAY

There's very little hemming and hawing ...and everything is on the table...



MONEY

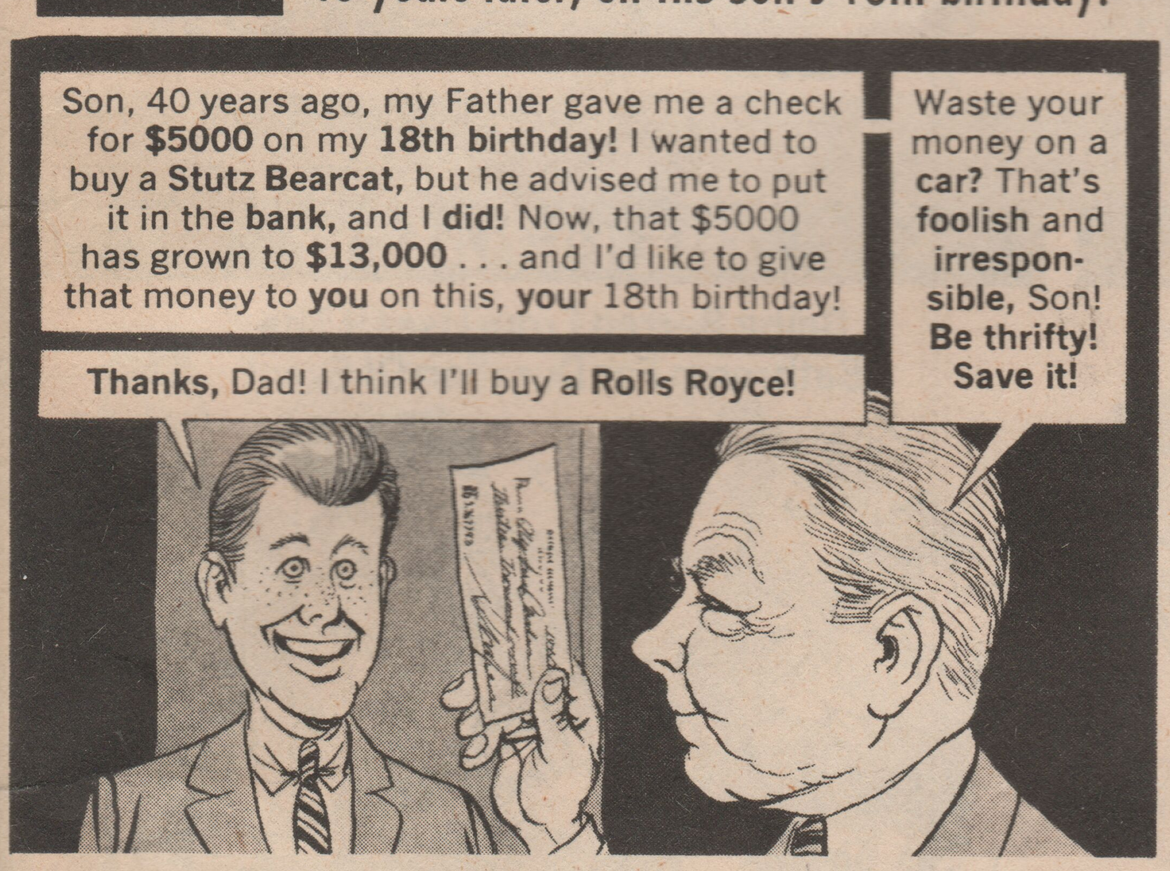
EARLY 1900'S

In those days, there was only one thing to do with money: Save it.



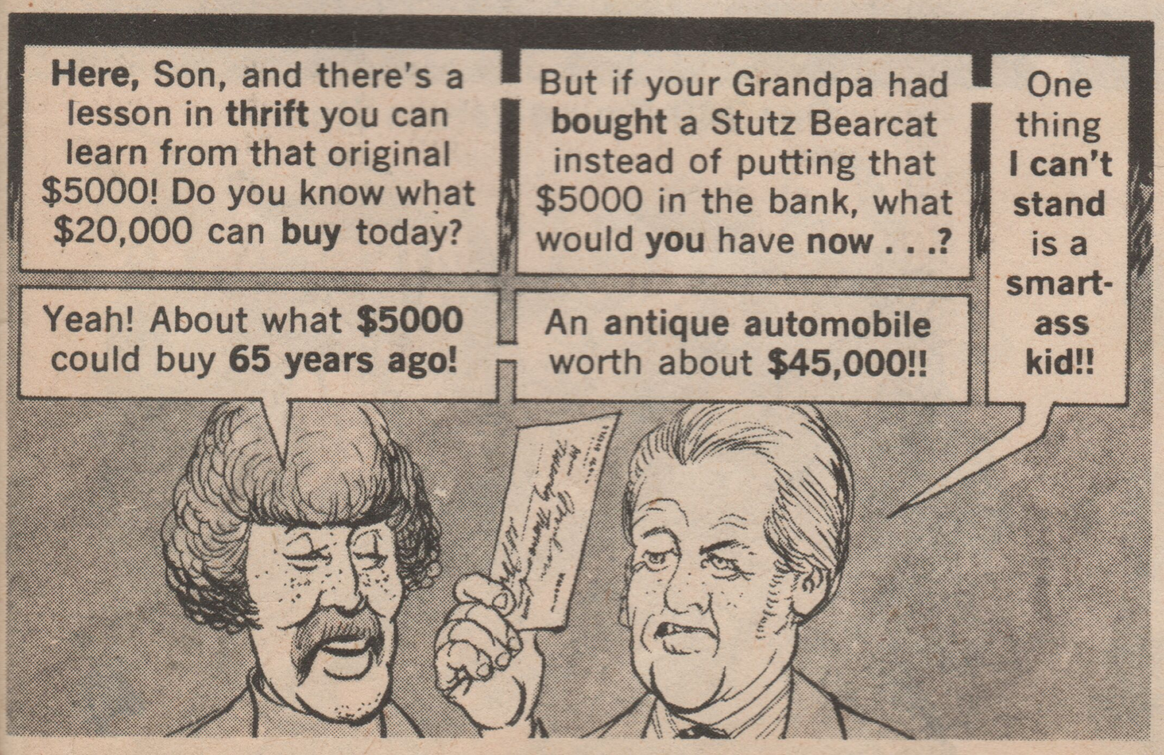
MIDDLE 1900'S

Well, the Son did exactly as his Father had advised and put the $5000 in a bank! Then, 40 years later, on HIS Son's 18th birthday:



...AND TODAY

Well, the Son obeyed his Father's wishes and put the $13,000 in the bank. Then, 26 years later, the Son told the story to HIS Son and gave him the money, now grown to $20,000...



DEATH

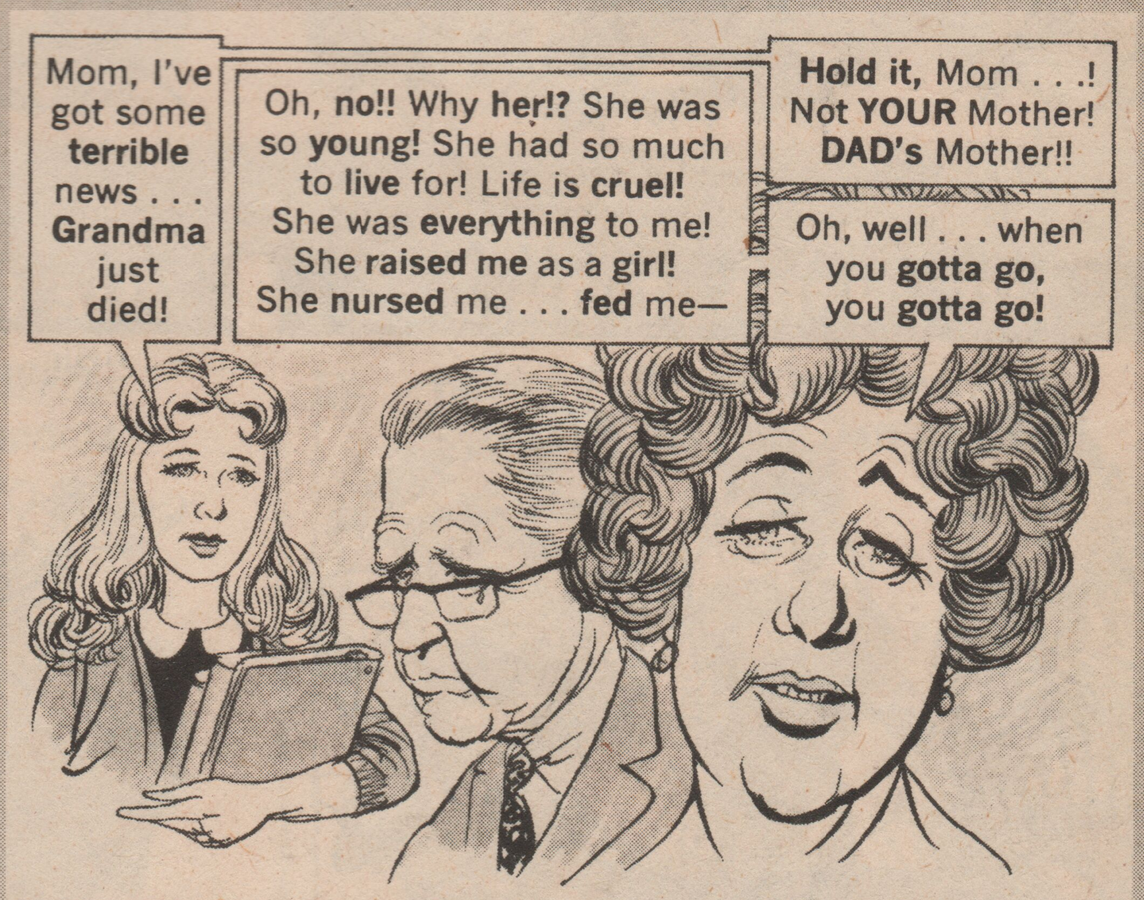
EARLY 1900'S

During this period, the subject of Death was avoided, and if it ever was discussed, it was treated like some beautiful, mysterious thing.



MIDDLE 1900'S

Then, people were more candid about Death. However, the results weren't much better.



...AND TODAY

Nowadays, things aren't as bad! They're worse!



A FLAG ON THE PLOY DEPT.

INFRACTIONS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Holding"

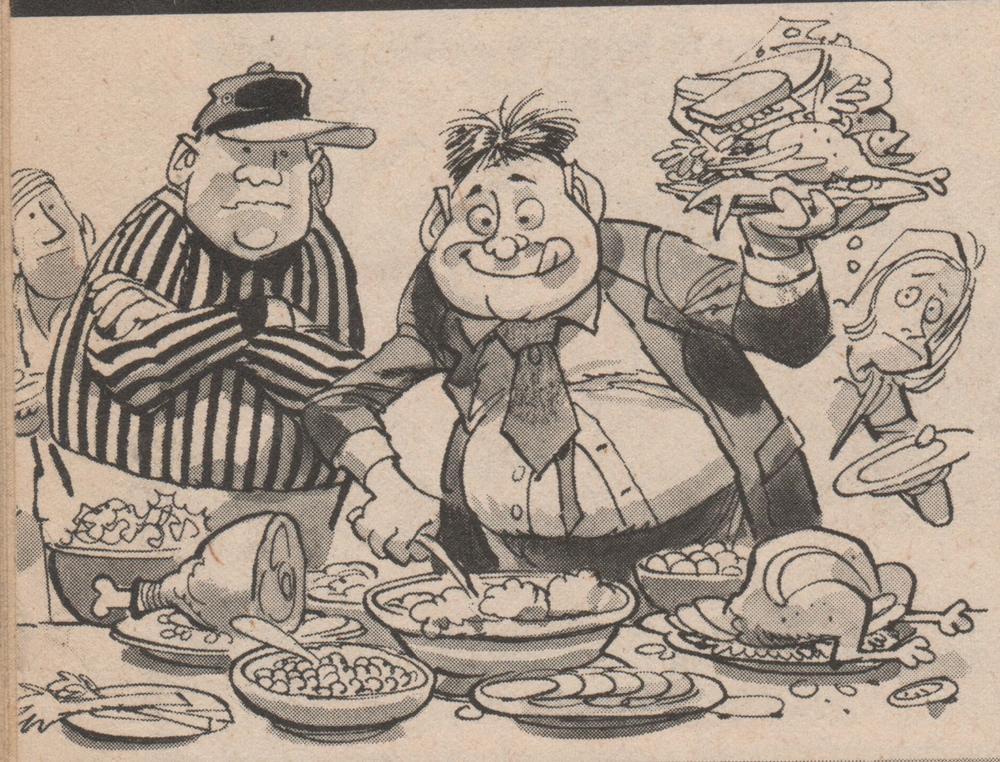


THE PENALTY:

Having To Listen To One's Own Drivel For A Whole Evening



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Piling On"



THE PENALTY:

Being Barred From Use Of The Bathroom For Duration Of Event



THE INFRACTION:



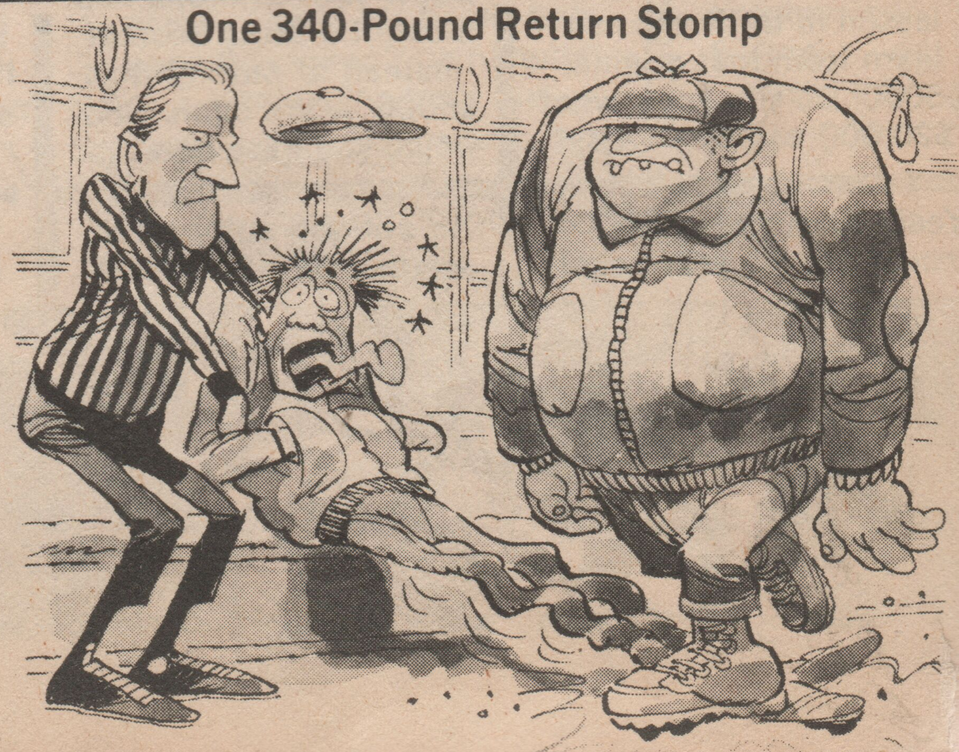
THE CALL:

"Tripping"

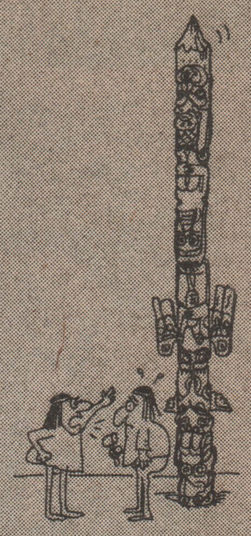


THE PENALTY:

One 340-Pound Return Stomp

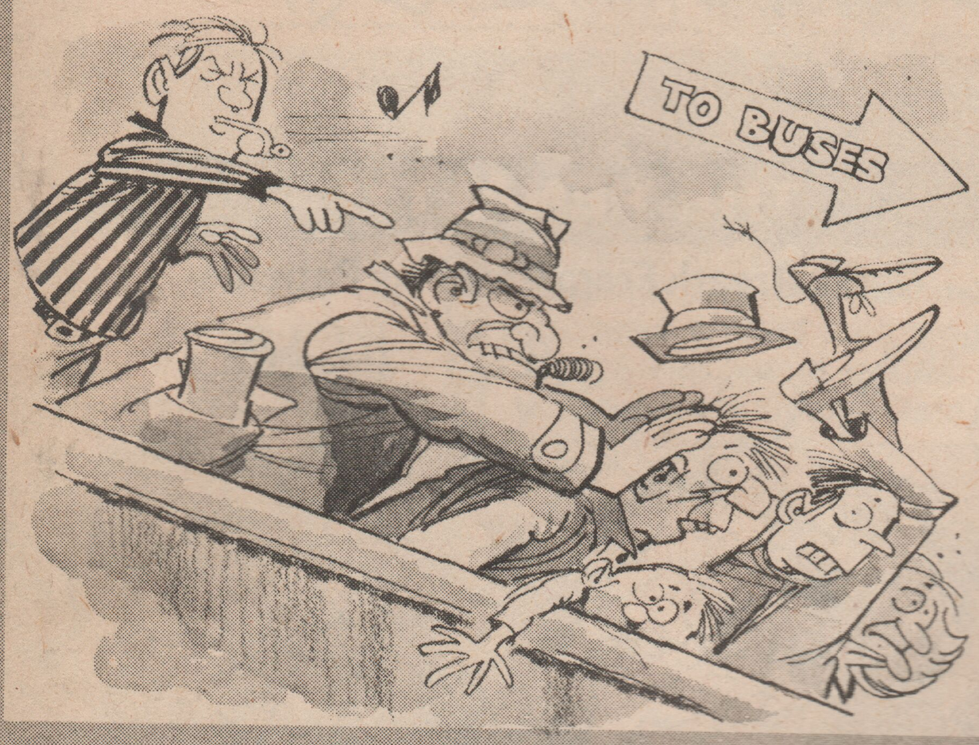


WE'D LIKE TO SEE CALLED IN EVERYDAY LIFE



WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

THE INFRACTION:



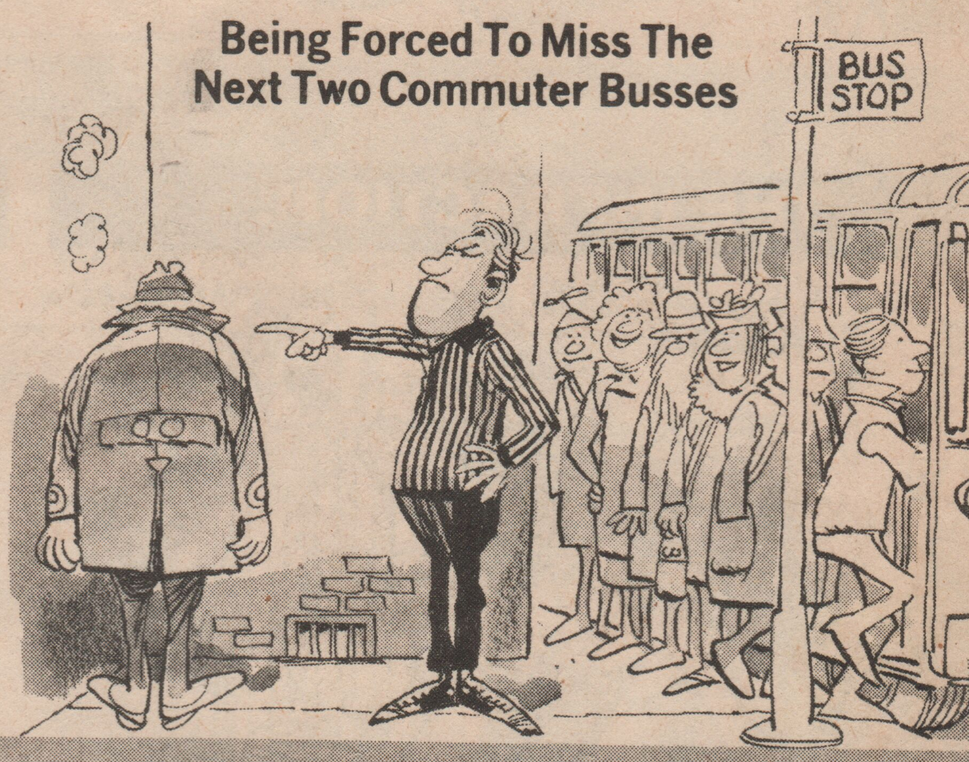
THE CALL:

"Pushing"

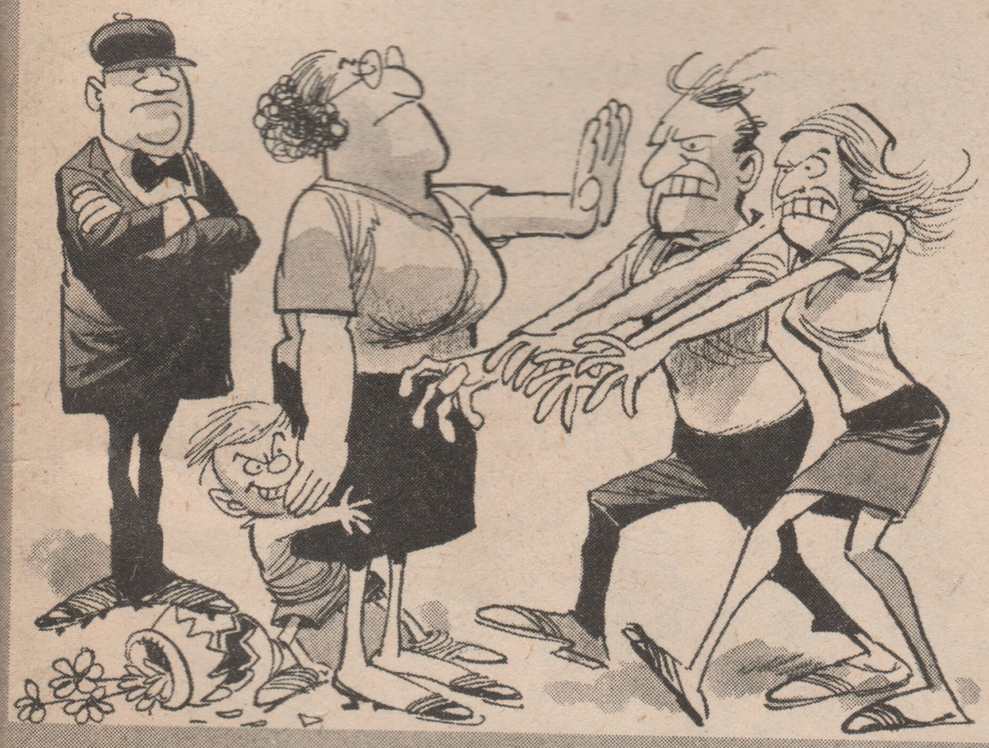


THE PENALTY:

Being Forced To Miss The Next Two Commuter Busses



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Interference —By Grandma"

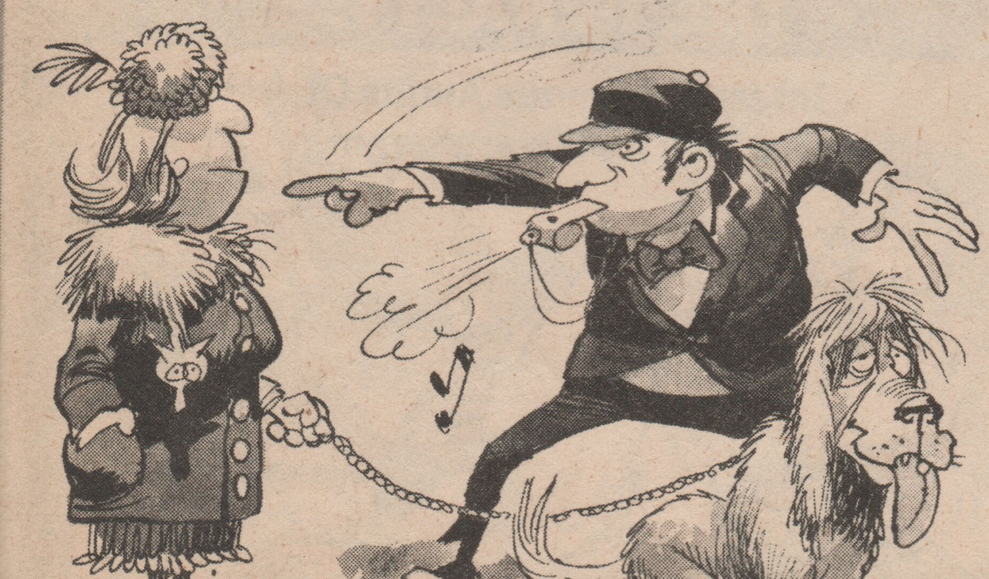


THE PENALTY:

Having To Spend One Week Alone With The Little Darlings



THE INFRACTION:



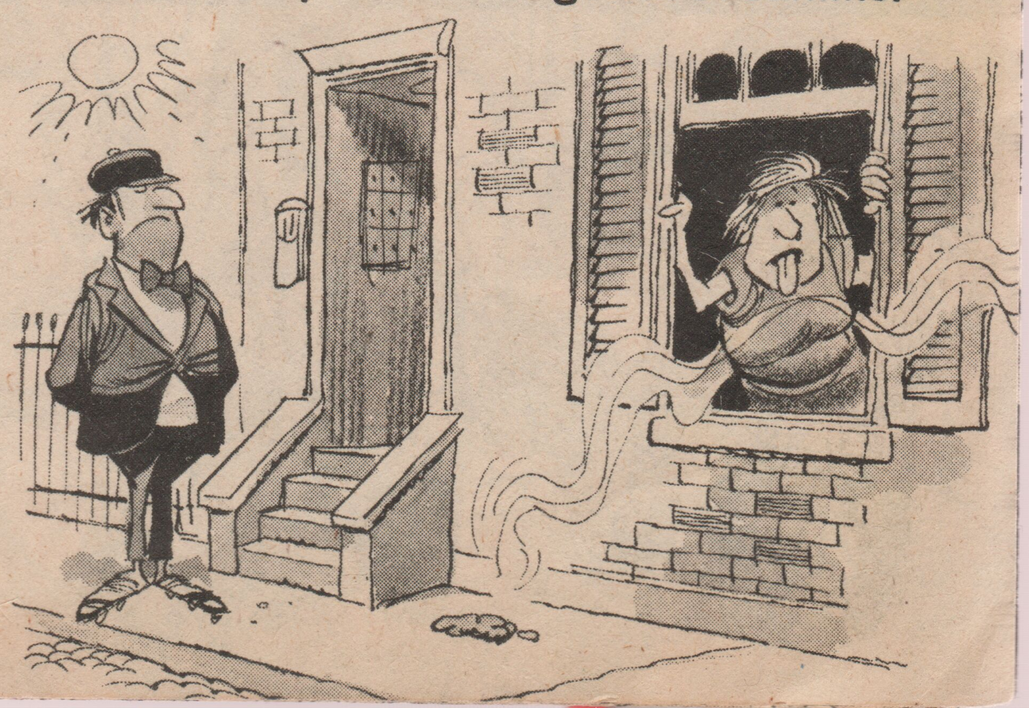
THE CALL:

"Fouling"



THE PENALTY:

Enforced Exposure During Heat Of Summer

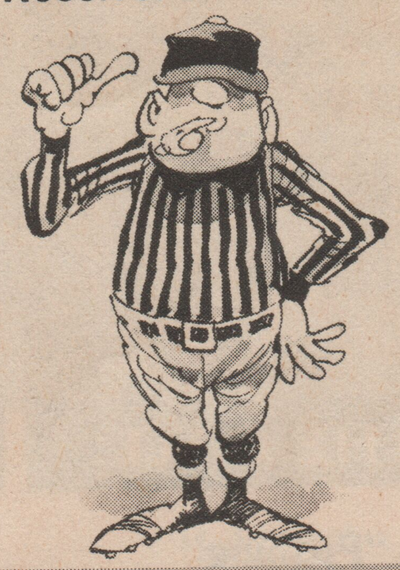


THE INFRACTION:



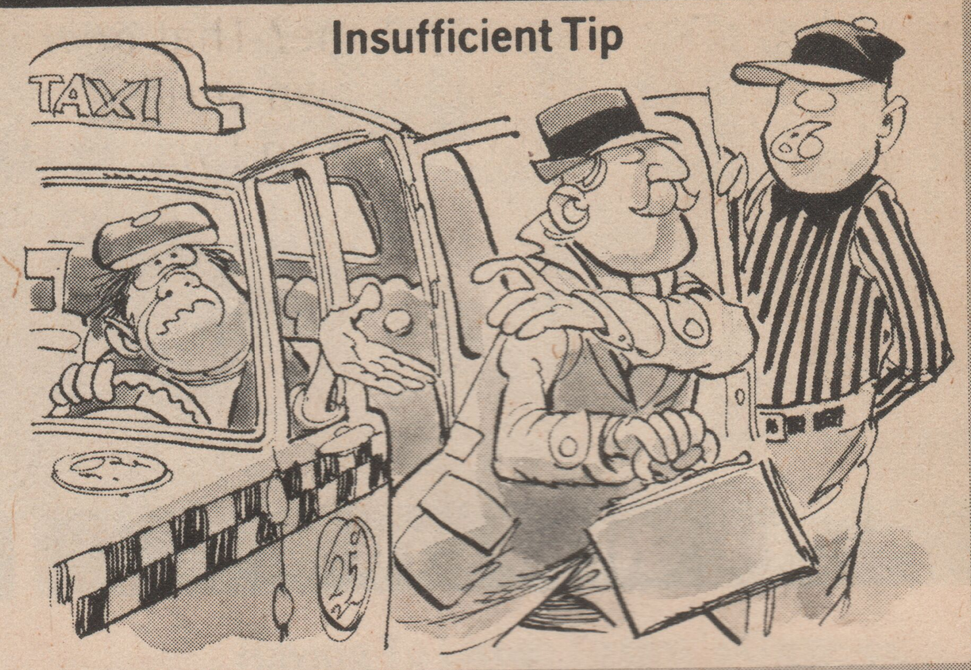
THE CALL:

"Passing To An Illegal Receiver Downfield"

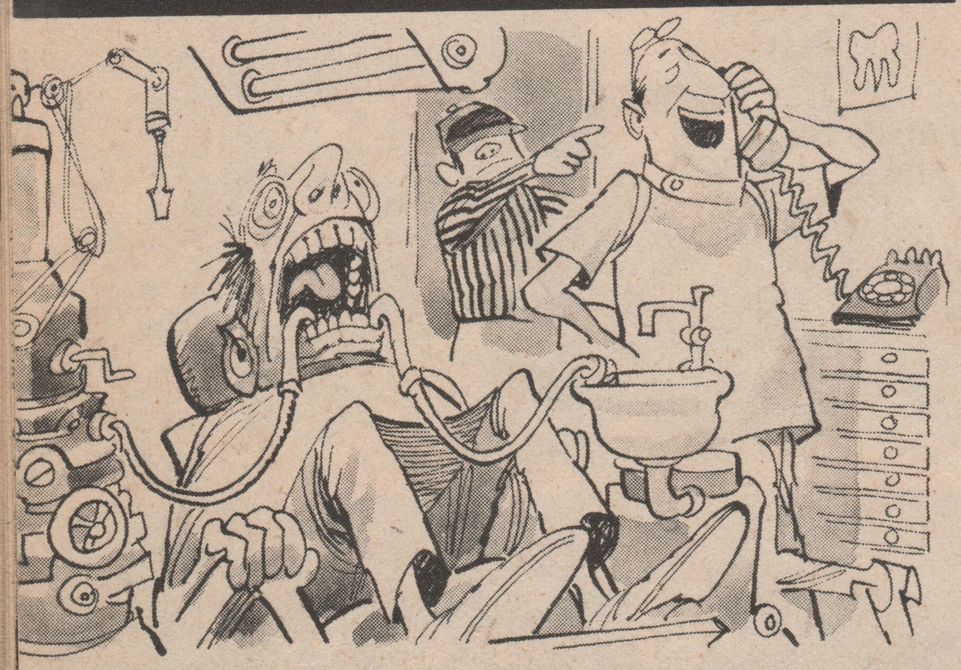


THE PENALTY:

Insufficient Tip



THE INFRACTION:



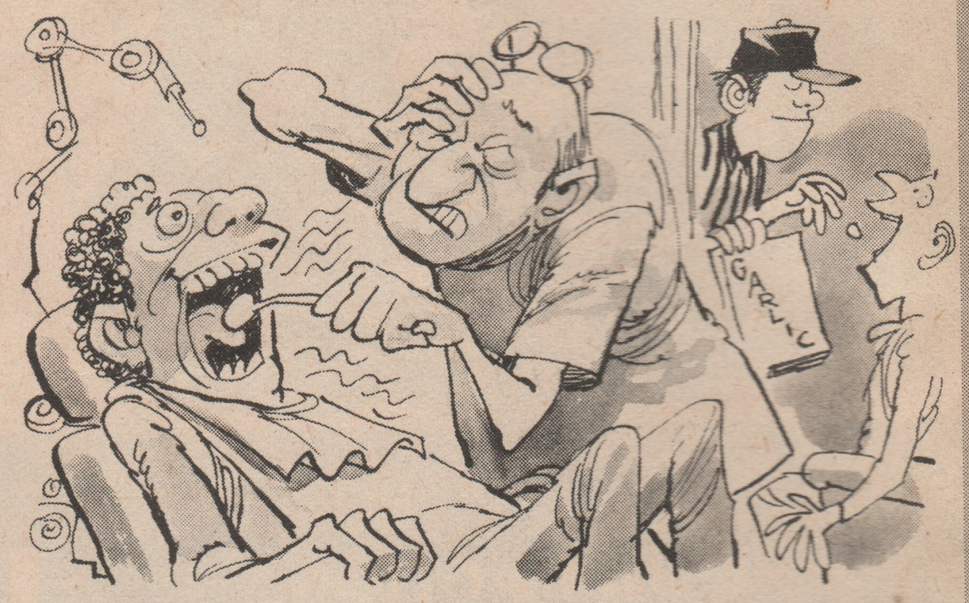
THE CALL:

"Too Much Time Out"

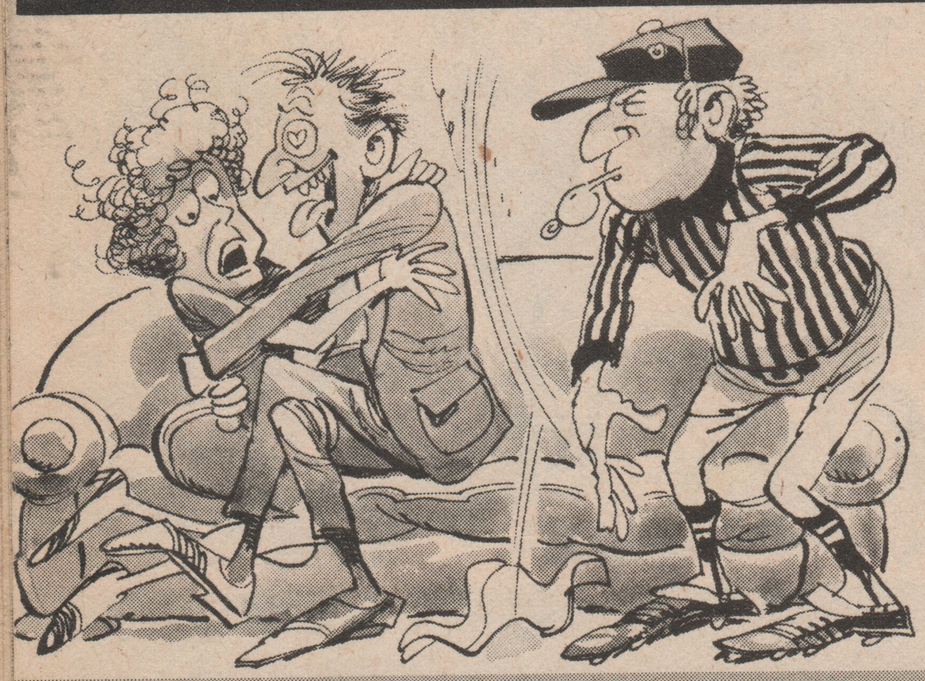


THE PENALTY:

Garlic Breath From Next Five Patients



THE INFRACTION:



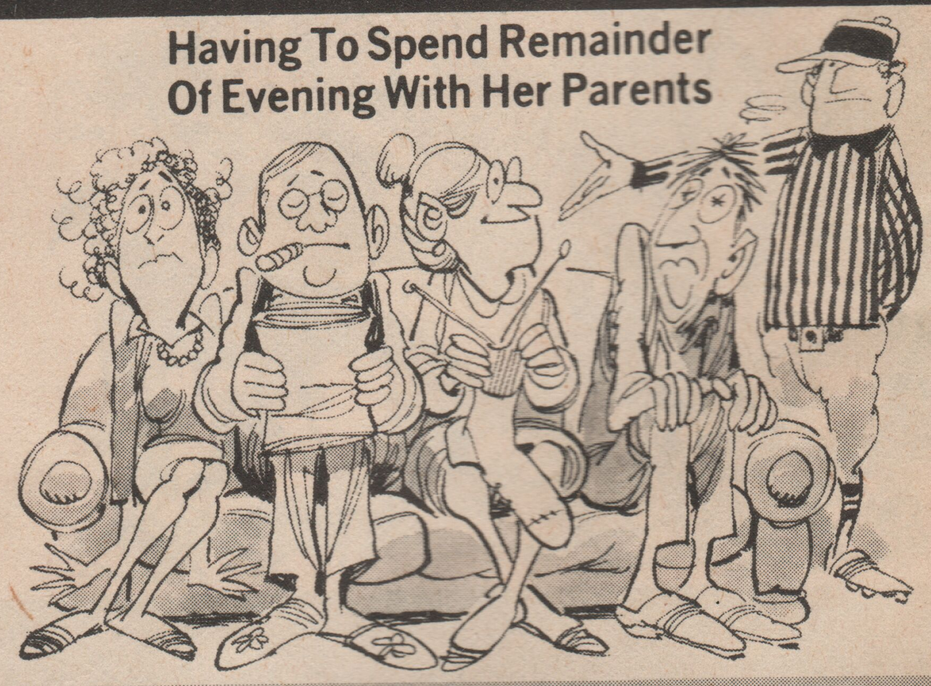
THE CALL:

"Too Much Time In The Huddle"



THE PENALTY:

Having To Spend Remainder Of Evening With Her Parents



THE INFRACTION:



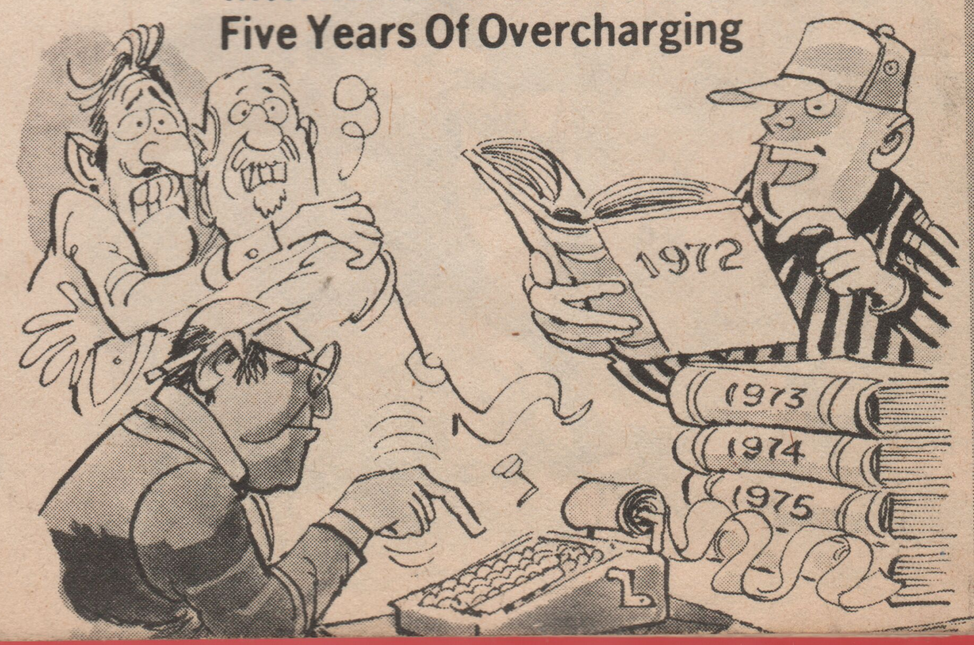
THE CALL:

"Clipping"



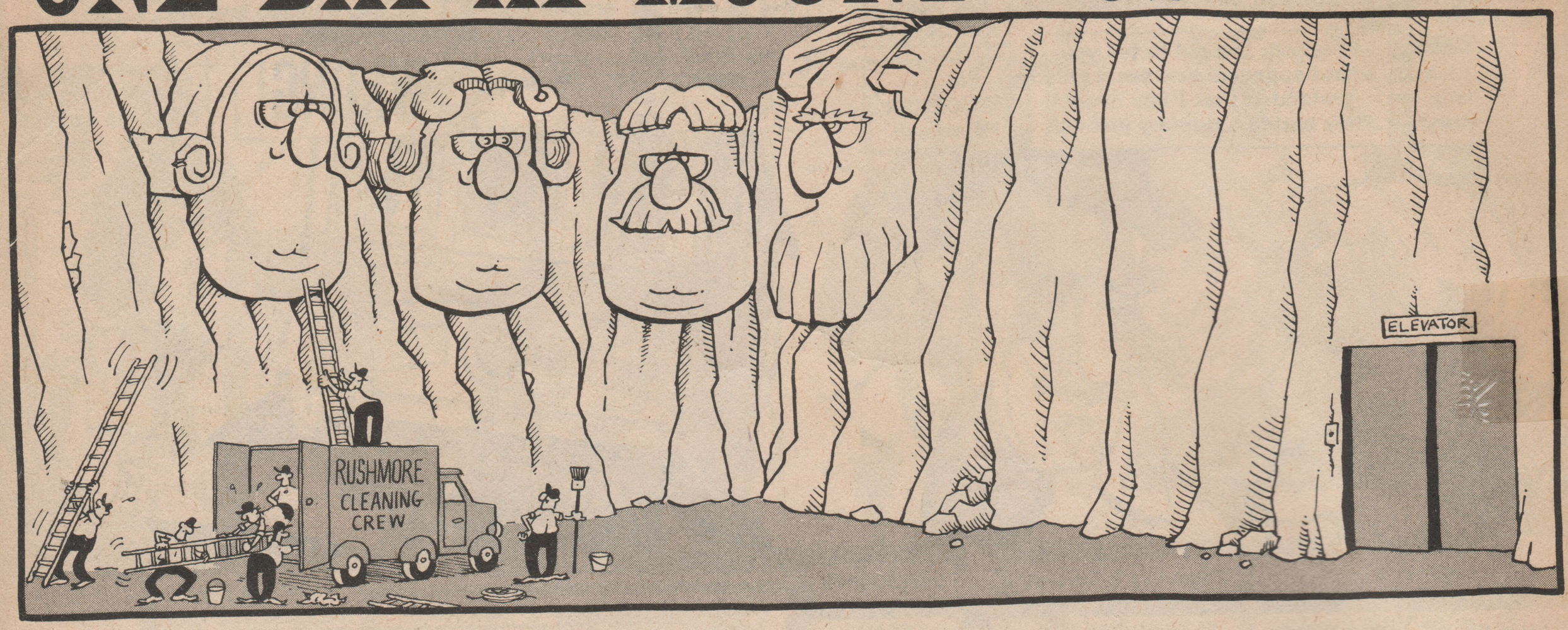
THE PENALTY:

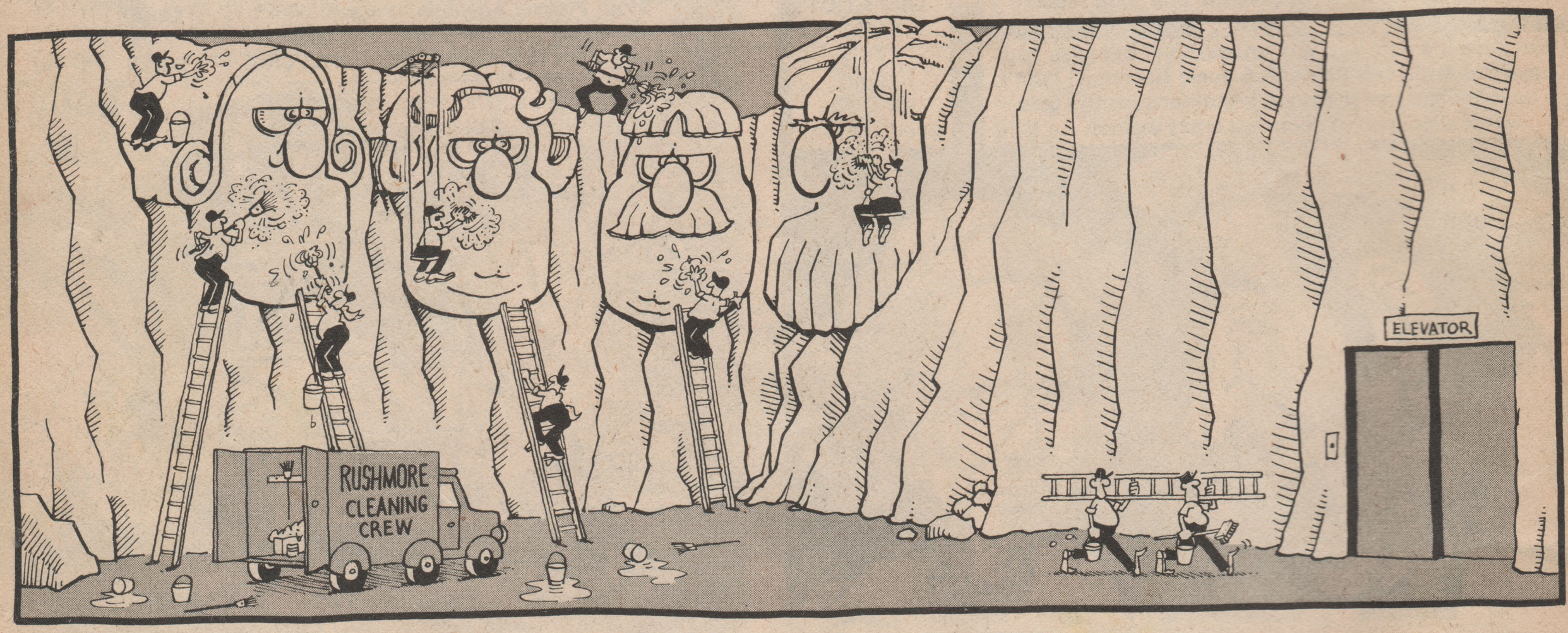
Internal Revenue Audits Of Five Years Of Overcharging

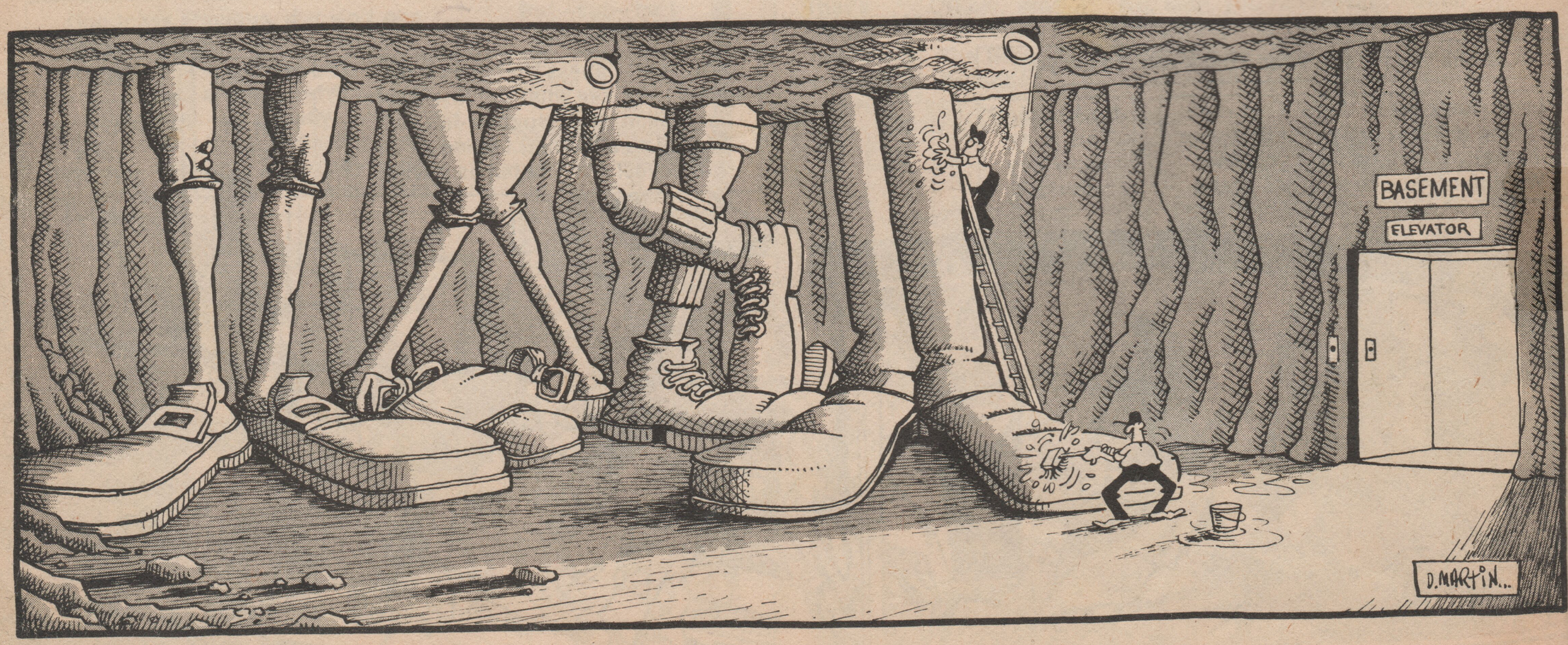


DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE DAY AT MOUNT RUSHMORE





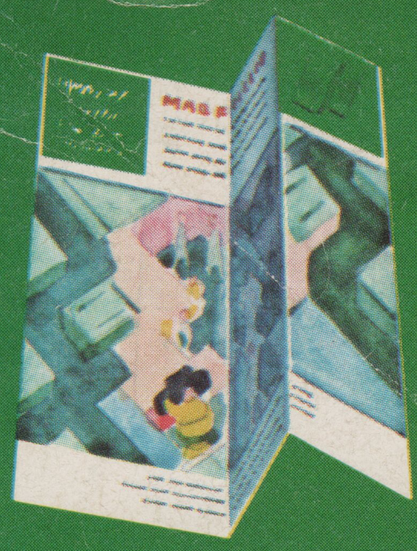


WHAT IMPORTANT EXECUTIVE POSITION SHOULD YOU TRAIN FOR?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Most of us are familiar with the typical corporate executive positions that exist in the world of big business. But one important position has come to light lately which offers a fantastic new area of advancement for ambitious young executive trainees. To learn this position, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



CORPS OF CAREFULLY-TRAINED PEOPLE ARE NEEDED TO INVIGORATE BROKEN DOWN COMPANIES. AND JOINING THIS EXECUTIVE TRIBE OFFERS REWARDS THAT CAN MAKE ALL-AROUND-LIVING LOTS NICER

ARTIST & WRITER:
JAFFEE

A▶ ◀B

LET US SPRAY



ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER